



Is joy over prodigals weeping,  
Tears of repentance that flow,  
Is joy when on Jesus believing,  
Soldiers are washed while as snow.  
Is joy over soldiers uniting,  
Those who their colors will show;  
Is joy in the battles we're fighting,  
Till be joy when to Glory we go.

## HAT PIPE AGAIN.

SIGN W. H. BURROWS, Quebec.

GENTLEMAN of this city gave his heart to God some years ago, and feeling that it was wrong to use tobacco, he decided to destroy it; but also, thinking that he was such a valuable one and too to destroy, wrapped it up nicely placed it away out of sight. Some years elapsed when it occurred to him to be searching in the bureau for a required article, when he bet this strange little parcel, never dreaming what it was. He unfolded it, here, before him was his once cherished idol; but, alas, his two years' forbearance was unfolded to his disappointment in that self-same hour the man of old from grace, and has never returned. The skull rests upon his wife, exclaims: "Oh, that I had destroyed this pipe!"

Oh, professor, are you covering me cherished sin or idol, thinking it will never harm you? If so, taking and destroy it now!

Nice, amongst other things, consists in the remembrance of some legitimate pleasure that one has the right to. In order to serve God better, be more free to work for the salvation of souls.

It has been remarked that a number of soldiers have got into the habit of addressing Officers by their first names instead of their title. This is wrong. Always when speaking to, or writing of an Officer, give them their title.—Aglitur.

WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Canadian Army, published by John C. Horn, S. A. Printing House, Albert Street, Toronto.

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SERVING POVERTY'S GREY HAIRS



case, but still there are hundreds who accept the service test of discipline. And in the better enlightenment of this later time, their numbers are great of those who in our ranks have passed the standard service which the old Franciscans sought to reach, for these earlier followers performed services the most menial for the cultured and the rich, while the latter-day followers of the same teaching such as the one of whom this sketch speaks are literally the servants of those whose lives are compassed by degradation, wretchedness and sin.

Muscular Christianity well-developed is the mental comment of those who stand before Captain Jesse Lowry, Straight, strong and vigorous, she carries the impress of her Scot descent in every gesture. There is little of saint in the commonly accepted sense of the word about her substantial exterior and blunt speech. Hers is pre-eminently a Salvation of

**Doods, Not Words.**

But to many, who wear the grey hairs of poverty, she has the face and tongue of an angel. All God's children are angels of mercy, but only recognized as such by those to whom they are sent.

"I wish you had been here last night," exclaimed the Captain, when we stepped into the Women's Shelter, the other afternoon.

"Why, what was happening?"

"A row," was the answer given with an off-handedness of manner, telling that such was no unusual thing when the nightly inmates of the Shelter have a special partiality for strong drink and frequently come in the worse for it. But "rows" are no terror to the Captain. She is

**Her Own Police Officer.**

A word about Captain Lowry's home. We are assured that the Shelter was once a common lodging-house many of its present patronesses testifying to having owned a "room" under such regime, or we might have supposed that the house was built for its present aim, so admirably suited is it to the requirements. The rooms are fitted with ventilators, which are wide enough to let in a splendid sufficiency of breeze (and an awkward sufficiency of cats also on the top floor). The pretty notice is shaded by a fine tree, but this was not in blossom at the time of our visit.

"No, it is not flowering this year," said the Captain. "The fact is, I think

**The Tree is Drunk.**

"Drunk" was all we managed to ejaculate, questioning.

"Certainly!" said the Captain, enjoying her fancy, our amazement: "One of the rules of the Shelter is that no drink whatever shall be brought in, and I have had to throw so many cans-full of the stuff outside the door, and so much of it has fallen upon that poor tree that I think it really must be drunk by now—anyway, it has borne no flowers this year."

The preservation of the same very necessary rule has put Captain Lowry's muscular religion often to the test. Of course the Shelter door is open to all, irrespective of their character, and as the Captain is especially strict upon the maintenance of discipline, and many of the old ladies are very fond of their grog and make persevering attempts to retain it, several battles have ensued, generally ending in complete victory on the Captain's part. The "row" on the night previous to our visit had been one of these, though in this case the beer had not reached the tree, it having been split, to the nossest's sorrow, upon the hall floor.

"But

**They Have Good Hearts.**


said the Captain, lovingly, "and often show that which would make them good and useful women if only they were saved. Some of them, however drunk, never forget to bring in a little box of candy or an apple for me."

A detailed description of those for whom Captain Lowry's daily servitude is given would take too long to write, and too long to read. They vary from the old lady who asks alms in the city street, protesting, "I don't beg, my dear, I only hold out my little hand," to the hard-working day's-hire woman, who is proud of and proclaims the fact, whether drunk or sober, that she earns her living hard. With a few exceptions, each old woman is going down life's hill, and but for the comfort and care of the Shelter that hill would be, for some of them, a very steep one.

Just what the Captain does not for her group of old women it would be difficult to say.

NEVERS . . .

By the FIELD COMMISSIONER.



(Continued on Page 2).

NEVER DRESS LIKE THIS.

## NEVERS. (Continued.)

NEVER condemn failings as sins, especially when those of others.

NEVER be so divine as to fall to be human, until in the "Kingdom Come."

NEVER allow yourself to come to a conclusion concerning your value to God and the world, in a fit of despondency.

NEVER follow a traitor's or a coward's actions. John did not argue that he should become a traitor because Judas was one.

NEVER imagine that to imitate somebody's manner, or the swing of somebody's shoulders, or the toss of somebody's head, or the fall of somebody's feet will add to your attractiveness. Assuming what is natural to another, will give you as awkward an appearance as being dressed in a jacket six sizes too big, or six sizes too small.

NEVER allow your buttons to hang on one thread because your coat is shabby. If you do, be not surprised if people call you a one-thread saint.

NEVER swing your shoe-laces through the streets instead of carrying them in a tidy bow.

NEVER say "I can't" if you have never tried.



The British Museum receives an average annual instalment of 250,000 newspapers.

Before a Chinaman can quit Australia he is compelled to register his departure and leave his photograph.

Scarlet fever kills yearly, on the average, about 21,000 persons, chiefly children not exceeding ten years of age.

A healthy man respires 16 or 20 times a minute, or over 20,000 a day; a child, 25 or 35 times a minute.

Lettuces double the size of those grown in the ordinary way have been obtained by the new process of irrigating the soil below the surface.

A manufacturer of artistic furniture in Paris has just completed a chair, the forelegs of which are of solid gold. It is valued at \$35,000.

An English surgeon recently hollowed out a new socket for an artificial eye, the old one not being large enough.

For a "tight little island" England does a pretty good commercial business. Her total foreign trade in 1906 amounted to \$9,125,315,595.

The recent starving of some dogs on liberal allowances of water and meat broth respectively—the former dying in 28 days, the latter in 19—has demonstrated the insignificant value of meat broths.

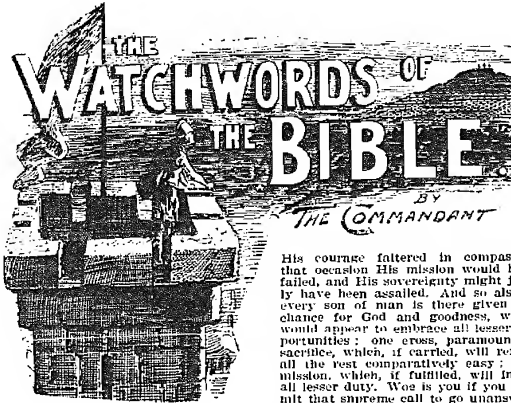
The Japanese do not take to fiction. Of 27,000 books published in the Mikado's empire last year, only 462 belonged to that class. Works on philosophy, the arts and sciences and religion stood the highest in the list.

The Patagonians are the tallest people in the world and the Laplanders the shortest.

He who makes war on hell, must expect hell's rage.—Anon.

A Yorkshire Christian said he enjoyed religion every day. He had a happy Monday, a blessed Tuesday, a joyful Wednesday, a delightful Thursday, a good Friday every week, a glorious Saturday and a heavenly Sunday.

"Start a still and see the Salvation of God," and yet "agonize to enter in at the straight gate." Join the agony of desire to the peace of dependence and the patience of hope. May God help thee to reconcile these, and all will be well.—Joseph Benson.



## "THE WATCHWORDS OF THE CROSS."

(Continued.)

IT IS CHARACTERISTIC of a distorted vision that all objects in its perception are askew. Ask the man with a twist in his eye for his verdict as to the appearance of this world. Speaking geometrically, he will say nothing is perpendicular, nothing straight, nothing square, and nothing round. Speaking descriptively, nothing is lovely, and nothing is fit.

## "No Sought Opportunity to Betray Him."

But why is this? Has the science of geometry lost her precision? Have the features and forms of men and things lost their beauty? No, it is because of the twist in that man's eye. And now approach the man with a twist in his heart, and what do you find? In a most disastrous sense, precisely the same thing. Here is Judas with a selfish canker in his soul. The outlook of his spirit is darkened by the foulness of his disease, for it has deranged his faculty of spiritual perception. This envious creature casts his sinister gaze upon the life and character of the Holiest, and what does he see there? Faults and failings and mistakes! He misconstrues the most magnificent graces of the Man Christ Jesus, converting them by the envy of his evil heart into weaknesses. He takes the unending fidelity of Christ for harshness; His appreciation for the sympathy poured in His feet for extravagance, and finally concludes that the proper thing to do with the Son of Man is to sell Him to His murderers for price, exactly \$40. There you have precisely represented what human nature, with a beam in its eye, may accomplish. And human nature is the same to-day. Judas belonged to a species, alas! not yet extinct. Friend, listen! Do you, under those smiles and kisses of yours, look out with crooked gaze for a chance to betray your comrade, your enemy, your leader? Then the devil has entered into you as he entered Judas.

And more. That word "betray" is a comprehensive one. There are several forms of betrayal. Pound notes are not always essential to the transaction, nor are crosses of wood and howling larrikins. The anxiety of all traitors has never been how to betray, but how to do it and save one's own skin in the process. Therefore, traitors generally do as Judas did—they wait and "seek opportunity." And, oh, has not the mean business of self-preservation, in the process of crucifying others, been handed down from betrayer to betrayer? Are there none who play the traitor towards their Master and their brethren by look, by act, by thought, even by silence, when cowardice and self-interest prohibit their outspoken designs? My friend, if you like to dwell upon the weakness of your comrade; if you are better pleased to pick at his faults than to pray for his progress; if you find greater pleasure in dwelling upon his mistakes than you do in applauding his good fortune; you may be quite sure that the spirit of the despicable Judas is in you. You are your brother's betrayer, only waiting a first-class bid for his character, when you will close and sell him outright.

## "My Time is at Hand."

Christ recognized and seized His grand opportunity, and this world was redeemed in consequence. He knew His time when it came. Without parleying, He rose to meet it. The time at hand was for Him the final trial of His faith, the grand test of His divinity, and the supreme opportunity for His love. Had

His course faltered in compassing that occasion His mission would have failed, and His sovereignty might justly have been assailed. And so to every son of man is there given one chance for God and goodness, which would appear to embrace all lesser opportunities: one cross, paramount in sacrifice, which, if carried, will render all the rest comparatively easy; one mission, which, if fulfilled, will multiply all lesser duty. Was is you if you permit that supreme call to go unanswered, that chiefest purpose for which God lets you live, remain unaccomplished? Think not the doing of the lesser will suffice for the greater. God sent you into this world to do for some one chief life-task, and little will it avail for you to meet Him having done everything but that one thing; just as utterly as it would have profited Christ had He stopped short of His Cross. Oh, how sorrowful it is that so many should go on overlooking God with worldly turning from His chief requirement, endeavoring the while to silence their consciences with the thought that lesser crosses, heavier, and smaller obligations well satisfied, will palliate their disobedience as regards the grand end of their existence. Do not be deceived. God requires of you more than that you shall: one act, which, faithfully done, shall give color and character to all other acts; one sacrifice, which will sanctify all other offerings. To His Son He said: "Go and die!" "Yes!" "Live and tell!" "Yes!" "Heal!" "Yes!" "Preach!" "Yes!" "Pray!" "Yes!" but above all, and including all—DIE!

## "One of You Shall Betray Me."

It is as if the Great Master on this, the occasion of His last supper with His chosen twelve, had said: "While I am with you and can speak with human utterance, I would warn you against influences of evil which will beset you when I am gone. I want to fortify your weakness. I see so far, I want to fortify you. You see so little into the distance. I see so far, I want to fortify you and forearm you by prophecy, so that, in your time of temptation, you that ever escaped the Satan's lips, methinks, to eleven of the twelve men in that room, this must have appeared to be a purpose in the announcement. It was to impart to those weak and impulsive disciples a sorrowful truth, which in all ages has wrung the hearts of the world's truest believers, and brought disaster to every cause. Once before Jesus had said: "It must needs be that offences come." And He now sought to impress, on the one hand, the folly of pinning faith in God to any mere human agent; and, on the other, to guard them against surrendering their trust in God or their brethren because of the backslidings of those about them. "One of you shall betray Me!" After the tense so that it reads: "One of you has betrayed Me." And then find if you can, the leader, the cause, be it spiritual, social or national, to whom such a which that quotation is not applicable. Neither have we reason to expect it will ever be otherwise. Lamentable as is the fact, it is better we should recognize it as all but a sorrowful inevitability, and for that very reason learn to leave the future to God when we perceive the ruin to which they who betray Him are reduced. My comrade, let your grip of principles be lighter than your attachment to persons. You don't throw away your love of honor, because your familiar friend is caught thieving. You don't forsake the path of duty because your comrade has made a brute of himself. Then let not your heart be troubled, or your faith crippled, because the devil now and then succeeds in converting a saint into a wolf, or draws down a comrade—aye, a leader—into backsliding. Remember what Jesus meant by that sorrowful announcement: "One of you shall betray

Me!" and be not paralysed with surprise, but be ready to reply with a sincere and self-searching heart: "Lord, is it I?" (To be continued.)

## SERVING POVERTY'S GREY HAIR.

(Continued from Page 1.)

## No Service is too Menial

or disagreeable for her to undertake for them. Just before we found her she had been engaged in a great house-cleaning, doing her first bit of paper-hanging on the stairway, and doing it well.

While we are on the stairs, we must mention the dormitories, with their clean—wonderfully clean beds, the linen of which is washed by the Captain's own hands.

Were the name not such a long one, we might have headed this article

## Iconoclast.

for an "image-breaker" Captain Lowe certainly is. Cigarettes, as well as drink, are under the category of the idols upon which she sometimes lays foreboding hands—snuff she tolerates, despite its disagreeable extent amongst some of her flock.

The religious influence of the Home, which makes it, from a Salvationist's standpoint, is strong. The ground upon which the work is done is of the stony and does not yield ready abundant fruit, but sure confidence has the subject of this sketch that seed is not only dropped, but dropped in the springing up of the fruition is spiritual harvesting some day. Bodily needs are well-attended to—no want is left unsatisfied that hands can give, nor deed of mercy left undone that cents could never buy—but prayers are prayed also, and words are said which result constantly as the moans in the walls, that the central object of this place is to lead the feet that tread its floors into the highway of Heaven. The few cents paid per night give the lodgers that feeling of independence which the Army considers the first right of all whom it seeks to help, but the centers are wonderfully regular and have come to regard that old brown house peculiarly as "home."

"The other day," said Captain Lorrie, "I was visiting the jail, and I found, ten of my women there. They were delighted to see me, and each had to introduce

## "One Captain"

separately to the matron. Many varieties of creed are represented amongst the little group who gather to the Sister's cheerful dining-room—Catholic and Protestant—but all have a reverence for the faith of the woman who is content to be even as their servant for Christ's sake.

"Had you a special drawing towards the work in which you are engaged to-day?" we asked the Captain.

"I always kind of leaned towards getting amongst the poor and low-down," she replied. "As a child I used to escape from the Sunday-school with the little tracts that I got there, and go off to give them to the poorest little child in the poorest dwellings I could find. I think I was naturally moved by my mother, who could not understand my discrediting her by having such her tastes. I was always the black sheep. But the first time I had anything to do with a woman the worse for drink was on my first Saturday night's march as a Soldier. In our town there was only one known drunken woman, but she came round there dirty, untidy and drunk, and would insist on marching with me to the Barracks. I had a struggle, but conquered. I didn't run away from my first drunk, and I have never run from one since."

"And you love your work, Captain?" we asked, thinking of the daily details of devotion and self-sacrifice that came from her.

## The Captain smiled—

## Her Sober Strong Face

is wonderfully improved by a smile. We fancy that "her woman," as she calls them, often see one. Her answer was characteristic: "There's a train goes out from the station at 5 p.m. this afternoon. If I did not love my work, I'd catch that train."

But she loves it and stays.

A. L. P.

I will to will the will of God.—F. B. Meyer.

Women were not made out of Adam's bone to rule, but to be ruled, and to be trampled upon by him, but out of his side to be equal with him; under his arm to be protected and near his heart to be loved.



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The change on Headquarters that  
caused so much wonder and anxiety, is  
now a thing of the past, and the head-  
lines roll along just as if nothing had  
happened, except that perhaps the ma-  
chinery goes just a little faster.

Staff-Captain Hargrave is pushing  
along with the Junior Soldier War and  
Band of Love, and he is full of deter-  
mination to help this work forward.  
He will win plenty of money for his  
thought, time and attention. There are  
tremendous possibilities before us as  
an Army in this direction.

Adjutant Ivers, of Lassar Street,  
called in and got six new Company  
Manuals the other day. This looks like  
business. The Adjutant has a keen eye,  
and is not slow to discern what will be  
profitable to the Kingdom.

The new Dedication Registers are  
now ready and may be obtained from  
the Trade Secretary. All children dedi-  
cated under the Army Ping will in fu-  
ture be entered upon these Registers,  
and trace kept of them. Each Corps  
should obtain one at once.

The new Food and Shelter and Work-  
man's Hotel at Vancouver, is to be  
opened at the end of June by Brigadier  
Howell, the Pacific's new Provincial  
Officer. Edwina Patterson is in charge,  
and says that every one who has seen  
the place is charmed with the general  
appearance and arrangements of the  
same.

By the way, this building has cost  
nearly \$700 to fit and furnish, and dona-  
tions towards meeting these expenses  
would be gratefully received by Brig-  
adier Howell, Spokane, Wash., U. S. A.,  
or by Ensign Patterson, Officer in  
charge, Vancouver, B. C.

A second Food Depot has been open-  
ed in Montreal, called the East-End  
Depot. The place has been secured for  
six months to meet the needs of the  
men who work on the wharves in con-  
nection with the Atlantic steamship  
service. The institution is doing good  
work. At present it is worked as a sort  
of social outpost for Joe Boef's, under  
Ensign Ross.

Major McMillan writes saying that  
our Rum post in St. John's, Nfld., is be-  
coming an increasingly great blessing  
to the City. The Officers in charge have  
been spending nearly the whole of their  
time in visiting the poor and sick, but  
the Provincial Officer is now arranging  
for Cottage meetings to be held in con-  
nection with the Post.

The Food and Shelter Depot opened  
six months ago in the same city is do-  
ing good work under Captain Cooper.

Edwina Fletcher, of the Lifesaver, To-  
ronto, who has been sick, is now rapidly  
recovering, and will, ere this, appear in  
print, we hope, resuming his work in  
charge of the institution.

In a personal letter, Ensign Barrow,  
of Spokane, says that the new Provin-  
cial Officer and Chancellors have met  
with a splendid reception, and that  
twenty-four souls sought God on their  
Welcome Sunday. We rejoice with  
them.

The Commissioner's West Ontario  
tour with the Headquarters "Cycle Bri-  
gade" is causing quite a stir. What  
with the playing of the brass and  
stringed instruments by the Staff Band,  
the drills and exercises by the troupe  
of children who accompany the Bri-  
gade, and then the Commissioner's  
fiery, eloquent and touching address—  
the soul-saving scenes—oh, what must  
it be to there! Don't miss it if  
you are anywhere within 20 miles of the  
place visited.

There is a great deal of fuss and form  
—of machinery and machinery—of an-  
xiety and activity, that make up much  
of the current Christianity, with neces-  
sity a shred of real Christianity from end  
to end.

## INSTALLATION

Of Central Ontario's New Provincial  
Officer and Chancellors. Interest-  
ing and Powerful Meeting—  
Unique Consecration  
Scene.

THIS INTERESTING CEREMONY  
was to have been conducted by  
the Chief Secretary, but owing to  
ill-health he was unable to come, so the  
duty devolved upon Brigadier Complin,  
the War Cry Editor.

All the City Corps united to welcome  
their new leaders, as well as a goodly  
number of friends and sympathizers.  
The Staff Band was again in evidence,  
leading a stirring march. Their playing  
caused quite a stir. They are decidedly  
on the up-grade. The crowd which as-  
sembled in the large hall of the Temple  
for free and happy Salvationism were  
certainly of excellent quality. The Bri-  
gadier gave out the old song, "With shield  
and banner bright." We awoke and  
marched forward, singing as we went.  
After the reading of the blessings in  
Matthew v., the meeting went ahead in  
grand style. The Brigadier paid a glow-  
ing tribute to the new Provincial Officer,  
Successor, he said, was from God, but it  
was conditioned, generally speaking, upon  
the possession of certain qualifications.  
Amongst others he noted in Brigadier  
Read the following: 1. Clear and strong  
convictions of Divine things. 2. Dilig-  
entness in business. 3. Possession of the  
spirit of a father and brother to his  
people.

Following the Brigadier's brief but very  
kindly introduction of the new Provincial  
Officer, the meeting was thrown open for  
a few words of testimony and welcome  
from any who chose to seize the opportu-  
nity. Many comrades and friends did so.  
Our old friend, Dr. Robinson, spoke warm

words of encouragement. Captain Lewis,  
of Old No. 1 Company, spoke a few  
words, "fitting to this great occasion."  
(Well done, Captain, quite unusual.)  
Alluding to the fact of the very many  
people being dead and not buried, he re-  
joiced in the knowledge of his having  
been resurrected. Adjutant Hay, of Jun-  
iorerow, gave a smart talk on engi-  
neers of the Juniors and Junior work en-  
gaged in the furtherance and development of  
what he terms the most important work  
of the Salvation Army. Adjutant Moore,  
of Riverside, welcomed Brigadier Read  
and the Chancellors on behalf of the Field  
Officers. He went back in imagination  
many years ago to the time when Adjutant  
Read was his District Officer, and he was  
a Captain, and testified to Brigadier  
Read's personal dealing with him then  
and its value to him.

"Now we'll have a few words from Major  
Gaskin, on behalf of the Social and  
Field Departments." Forthwith the Major  
stepped to the front, and tenderly added his  
welcome to that of the others. He spoke  
with authority in referring to the Cham-  
berlain, Staff-Captain Munroe, whom he  
had known longer, perhaps, than any  
other person present. Years of personal  
contact and comradeship with the Staff-  
Captain had convinced him of the sterling  
Godliness of the through and through Sal-  
vationist of the Central's Chancellors.

Amidst the applause of approval, the  
new Chancellors made his appearance,  
smiling blandly. In his own measured,  
deliberate manner, and with an abundance  
of those exquisite "F-r-r-r's," which elicit  
such warm exclamations from the late de-  
parted Sam Sorter, the Staff-Captain ac-  
knowledgeed the (as he termed them) much  
unappreciated expressions that have been  
used in welcoming him and the Brigadier.

With telling anecdote and illustration he  
declared his determination to be to his  
people "A leader that can be a servant,"  
"A comrade," and "A friend." (Well said,  
Staff-Captain! this do, and thou shalt

live in the hearts and affections of thy  
people.)  
The crowd cheered and applauded as  
the new Provincial Officer, in response to  
the call of the leader of the meeting,  
came to the front. It had been hard work,  
he said, to sit and listen to people talking  
about him, and patting him on the back.  
"You deserve it all," cried Mother Flo-  
rence. The Brigadier went on to praise  
God for his definite soul-experience of  
conversion, sanctification, and the convic-  
tion he had within his own soul that he  
and his dear wife were God-appointed,  
God-sent. (That's rock-bottom to com-  
mence on. Hallelujah!)

Repeating the words of his Chancellors,  
he poured out his heart's desire for them  
all, assuring them of his willingness to  
be their friend at all times, reminding  
Comrade, friend, backslider and sinner  
that his address was 77 Ulster Street,  
City.

Mrs. Brigadier Read then spoke, feel-  
ingly acknowledging the cordial welcome  
given to her husband and herself, and  
also to the Staff-Captain and his wife.  
Her allusion to past storms and tempests  
through which the old ship had passed  
was heartily expressed, not without its  
effect upon her listeners. She rejoiced in  
being a Salvationist, not because people  
spoke well, or newspapers praised, or min-  
isters approved, but because of assurance  
of God's blessing and owning of the work  
in the midst of the achievement of such  
great and glorious victories. The Army  
was of God, and existed to do His work.

Her re-telling the old incident of the  
burning building, when almost blind-  
ed by smoke and scorched by flame, would  
have hesitated in his perilous under-  
taking, but for a ringing cheer from the  
crowd below, which gave him new nerve  
and strength, and helped him to accom-  
plish his task and save the woman—will  
be remembered by all present. Its appli-  
cation was apparent to all, and will be  
put into practice in days to come.

"Now," says the Brigadier, "in closing  
this meeting, let all who will solemnly  
and seriously unite before God, in a  
consecration more complete  
and thorough than ever before,  
to push the claims of Jesus  
Christ upon the people of this Central  
Province. Link hands in a circle right  
round the body of this hall.  
They did it.

Who was the artist at this moment?  
Oh, for a sketch of that scene, as, with  
linked hands and closed eyes, the whole  
congregation sang that old song:  
"All hail the power of Jesus name!"  
"Sing it again."  
And sing it they did. The echo of that  
song reached Heaven, and God was glori-  
fied, and prospects for the future of the  
Central brightened as the greater number  
of those present had themselves afresh  
upon God's altar for service in the up-  
building of His temple and the pulling  
down of the kingdom of Satan.

Thus ended the most interesting meet-  
ing, but not without a word of affection-  
ate remembrance from Mrs. Staff-Captain  
Munroe, who had been unavoidably ab-  
sent from the installation ceremony.

## MISS BOOTH'S MESSAGE

As Read at the Installation of Brigadier and Mrs. Read.

Remembering the past twenty-five years of Brigadier and Mrs. Read's praiseworthy record in the service of God under the Flag, with eager gladness I express this night my whole-hearted confidence in you in the position to which you have been recently appointed, and my high expectations as to how God will honor your labors in this new command. He will make you the means of salvation to crowds of sinners, inspiration and strength to the soldiers, and a holy example to all right through the Province.

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Munroe, who had been unavoidably ab-  
sent from the installation ceremony.

If the old adage is true, "A good start  
is half the battle," then the battle in the  
Central is already half won, for that  
meeting was declared by those who know  
what they are talking about to be one of  
the best they ever attended.

H. K.

## SINNERS' COLUMN.

What the Morrow Brought.

"I know you're right, and I've made  
up my mind to be like you," said a  
sinner to his godly shipmate, who sat  
near him reading his Bible. "I've ear-  
ly finished my time," he continued, "and  
will soon have my pension, and then  
I'll turn over a new leaf."  
His shipmate turned to him, and call-  
ing him by name said, "G—, 'beast  
not thyself of to-morrow, for thou  
knowest not what a day may bring  
forth.'"

"That night, G— went ashore, as was  
his usual custom, and the following  
evening news was received on board  
H. M. S. "T—," that G's mangled  
body had been picked up on the railway  
track, and he died without ever re-  
gaining consciousness.

Poor G—!  
Ah, care-less soul! G—, thou boast  
thyself of to-morrow! It may but  
bring thee judgment and eternal re-  
morse. Accept God's Salvation in God's  
way, and God's time. "Let the wicked  
forsake his way and the unrighteous  
man his thoughts, and let him return  
unto the Lord and He will have mercy  
upon him." He will abundantly  
pardon." Isaiah 55. H. K.

Lost After All.

Early one morning a messenger came  
to our quarters asking if we would  
come and see poor F—, for they be-  
lieved he was dying. I hastened to the  
home of the sick man, and the scene  
that met my gaze I shall never forget—  
no, not while I live. There lay poor  
F—, battling with the force and unrel-  
enting pains which seemed more than  
his physical strength could endure. But  
greater still was the agony of his un-  
prepared soul that was about to pass  
into eternity. No question needed to be  
asked to find out the condition of his  
soul. His eyes rolled in their sockets  
and the horrible groans which he ut-  
tered made an impression greater than  
his fever-parched lips could express.

F— had once been a Soldier in the  
Army and took delight in doing his  
Master's will. But, alas! he had slip-  
ped aside into the path of disobedience,  
and was driven down by the current  
of sin. He was a man of great strength  
dashed on the hard, cruel rocks of death.  
F— had been away from home for  
some time, and had been very success-  
ful in getting together a few dollars,  
and on returning home went in for  
what the world calls a good time, little  
dreaming that the storm clouds of  
God's justice were hanging in blackness  
over his head. His days were spent in  
drinking, gambling, and other amuse-  
ments, as if he were making money out  
of thin air. But God had said, "So far shalt  
go and no farther," and just in the  
midst of his gaiety he was seized with  
a grim disease, which in a short time  
brought him face to face with the re-  
ality of a wasted life, and its awful  
end. We knelt and began to pray, but  
it seemed as if HIS DOOM WAS FIX-  
ED, AND THAT HEAVEN HAD  
SHUT ITS DOORS AGAINST HIS  
PETITION. His groans, mingling with  
the cries and tears of friends, seemed  
as if we had got to the very threshold  
of that awful abyss where hope and  
mercy are not known. All efforts seem-  
ed unavailing. He turned from side to  
side as if to escape his availing judg-  
ment, until Death demanded its rights,  
and in this condition F— went to  
meet his God.

Reader, this story is a true one, and  
you, like poor F—, will soon have to  
comply with God's demands. Backslider,  
disobedient, trifling sinner, Beware!  
Death is on your track! Your time is  
not your own. Your plans and schemes  
GOD WILL OVERTURN. You cannot  
escape the judgments of God. Turn  
from your evil ways and live. TURN  
NOW! A. G. BROWN.

Captain, Catalina, Nfld.

Dillon, Mont.

We are praising God for the victories  
He has given us this week. Two souls  
kneel at the penitent-form. We are go-  
ing in more than ever, praying that God  
will help us to do it straight and faith-  
fully with these people. Yours to win,—  
M. A. Wale.



STAFF-CAPTAIN and MRS. MINNIE, Chancellors, Central Ontario.

[SERIAL STORY.]

— THE —

## Sign of the Cross.

## Chapter VII.—The Agnostic's Decision.

QUITE A SCENE followed Dick Winter's sudden interference, and as is usual in public-house squabbles, two sides were immediately formed—one for Dick and one against him.

"What have you to do with the girl?" roared the man whose hold of Maggie Anderson was so violently interfered with.

Richard Winter made no reply. He was waiting Maggie Anderson's answer to his own question.

"The girl's a disgrace to the town!" a voice shouted. Still Richard Winter was silent.

## A Salvation Heroine.

"I can do no good, men, now," said Miss Anderson at length. "Dimin' quarrel about me. I shall be glad to see you all at the People's Hall to-morrow night. Sammy Robertson is going to tell how he gave up the drink, and I hope you'll all come, and bring your wives with you. Good-night and God bless you!" Saying which, the brave, intrepid girl quietly passed through the little crowd of idlers and drunken men—to the annals of every one.

"The lassie has got a tongue o' wisdom," said one.

"And a wise head on young shoulders," said another, while Richard Winter shrugged his shoulders and walked off, confounded and half-dazed at the dramatic-like character of the whole affair.

## Where Lies the Charm.

It certainly was without parallel in the list of public-house rows—that in one minute all the passions of personal bitterness should be excited, and in less than four minutes afterwards no one seemed disposed to say a word of another. Where lay the secret of this girl's—nay, this religious charm? Dick Winter would know, and he had scarcely turned the corner of the street which left the "Royal Arms" out of view than he revolved to interest Miss Anderson on her way home, and

unfold to her the terrible unrest of his spirit.

## An Unusual Street Scene.

It was too late, he it remembered, and for any young woman to be seen talking to a young man at such an hour—especially if either made any profession of Christianity—would, if it became known—set the town of Aberhaven in a state of great concern. But both love and religion are blind—there was a little of the former, we admit, in this case—to nice distinctions and proprieties of local custom, and so we soon have Maggie Anderson and Richard Winter buried in eager conversation, in one of the main streets of the town.

## Watched.

What care they who behold them? The town erler passes and repasses them to make sure that his eyes do not deceive him; the policeman—the "old est in the force"—jogs along his beat more creepily than his wont. Mr. Wiseman, the shoemaker, who has a habit of taking a constitutional before going to rest, is startled at the phenomenon—if Jupiter was suddenly to be displaced he could not have shown more curiosity. He actually retraced his steps, in order to have the simplest information of the fact, by saying, "Good evening, Mr. Winter, I think we'll have damp weather the night."

Feeble of these attentions, the couple seemed to be absorbed in their talk.

## No Rest for the Journalist.

"I cannot rest, Miss Anderson," Dick Winter observed, "and will not, until I know whether this salvation is real or not."

"Praise God. This is in answer to prayer!"

"You don't mean to say that you are praying for me?"

"The whole Corps is!"

"Good gracious! The whole Corps! And why?"

"The more reasons than one, but mainly because you would be such a trophy for the Master."

"A trophy! What is there remarkable about me?"

## Unbeliever.

"Your unbelief, Mr. Winter. You have only a flimsy idea about God. Your

williams of God's Word have spread throughout the District, and done more

to manufacture a cloak of excuse for the unrighteous than all the blasphemy and drink of the town have done to damn souls."

"Oh, God!" Richard Winter ejaculated, "I see it!"

"Thank the Lord! Bless His Name! But you have despised Christ."

"Never!" interrupted the young man. "Oh, yes, you have—you have despised His sacrifice as an atonement. You have belittled the Spirit of God."

"In what way, Miss Winter?"

"By ascribing to superstitious fears what is the work of the Holy Ghost. It is His blessed work to convince men of sin, make them turn their backs upon it, confess their sins to God, and surrender their lives to Him; whereas you, Mr. Winter, by your pen and your debates, have laid this all down to consequence gone mad and the emotions excited by enthusiasts for religion."

"Perhaps you are right; but what am I to do? I assure you that I despise myself. I would give all I'm worth to get into touch with something living."

"You never will, Mr. Winter, until you are prepared to confess your sin."

"What sin?"

"The sin of unbelief."

"Am I responsible for disbelieving the Scriptures? The greatest authorities in Hebrew and Greek histories capitally away the foundations of your faith."

"Who is Responsible?"

Maggie Anderson was not a philosopher, but she was tactful by the Holy Ghost, and stood before this agnostic—her former lover—as a teacher sent from God.

"You saw the men outside the 'Royal Arms' to-night, drunk and careless?"

"I did."

"Were they responsible for being intoxicated?"

"Certainly."

"But four out of the five factors in this town will tell you that alcohol is harmful."

Dick Winter saw the comparison, but replied, "Miss Anderson, the parallel does not hold. How am I to be saved except through my reason?"

"Which you have injured by following your own plan instead of God's?"

"And what is God's?"

"There is no other name given amongst men whereby we must be saved—save JESUS: If you will but believe in your heart—which is simply another way of trusting God—and confess with your mouth, you shall be saved."

"How can I trust what I do not believe?"

"Do you want to be saved?" asked the lass, with her whole soul in the question—a question which put Richard Winter's sincerity to the test. He paused, as if listening to the voice of some inner speaker. He took Miss Anderson by the hand, which she did not resist.

"I do!" he sighed, "God knows I do."

"Then, there's only one Saviour. If you will but trust Him, you will soon see the very truth which at present is covered with clouds of mystery."

"And if I do, what will be the result I cannot predict. It may mean the loss of my position."

"That I do not know, of course; but that it will mean Calvary to you I am certain."

"Then, I'll think—and pray over it."

"That's right, Mr. Winter; but may I say that in taking this step you must leave the out of your thoughts—for I have already offered myself as an Officer for The Salvation Army."

"An Officer, Maggie?"

"Yes—to go anywhere and be anything for the salvation of the world. Good-night!"

(To be continued.)

## NOTES—G. B. M.

Have received returns from North Head realizing five dollars. Agent there not a Salvationist, but handling the scheme as though she was, did herself!

Digby comes in well with seven dollars. God bless Agent Dakin.

Clark's Harbor does very nicely, collecting \$6.56, a nice increase above last quarter.

Bermuda had their boxes only out four weeks, but sends in nearly \$30. Bravo!

Look out, some of you other places. What will they do in 33 weeks? The Provincial Agent was in raptures over their returns. God bless Bermuda!

Fredericton, Chatham and Parrsboro have all come in. God bless the Agents who devote their time to this grand work. They collected \$16.22, \$7.99 and \$3.64 respectively.

St. Stephen does \$7.25—a nice help. Brother Stewart is handling things here.

ENSIGN A. PERRY.

Provincial Agent.

## WAR CRY ECHOES.

## Declaration of War.

THE ABOVE LEGEND on the front of a War Cry was the first thing that faced Mr. W. on his return from work, and so took his attention that before doing anything else it was eagerly read, and the call reached his heart as from God. Little did the War Cry seller think when he dropped that War Cry into the letter-box that evening, it was going to result in such a victory for Brother W.'s soul, and also for the Kingdom of God.

This man had been a successful Officer for years, but felt, and although he had been restored to the favor of his God some months previous to this, he had never decided to come back and identify himself with the Salvation Army. But that "Declaration of War" decided it, and the next day Brother W. was to be found on the platform with the old-time fire again in his soul, and is daily proving God's power sufficient to keep.

His wife, who at this time was not willing that her husband should be a Soldier, has since consecrated her life to God and the Army, and is going to stand by the Flag and her husband in the resolution—

all through reading that War Cry of the Siege, "THE DECLARATION OF WAR."

D. C. MOORE,

Adjutant, Riverside.

— I III —



Captain Ollis, of Yorkville,

Tells of Seven and a-Half Years of War Cry Selling.

I WAS in Toronto, eight years ago the 2nd of last March, on a cold Sunday morning, when crowds of people hurriedly rushed to the different places of worship. I seemed to be the only listener to a small group of Salvationists, comprising a Captain and two Soldiers, who were in the open-air lifting up the Friend of sinners. But that operation resulted in my Salvation.

Since then, it has seemed to me that one of the sources through which my soul has received grace and strength has been by selling War Cry.

For seven and a-half years I have sold them every week except while resting or ill.

One day, while stationed at C. P., I knocked at an open door, and receiving no answer, knocked again.

Upon hearing a feeble voice, seemingly up the stairs, call "Come in," I entered, and quietly went up to where the sound came from, and found a well-furnished bedroom, occupied by an old lady of some 50 years.

She was somewhat startled upon my first appearance, as she had been bedridden for years and had never seen a uniformed Salvationist.

But being a Christian, her fears gradually vanished as we talked together of the Lord.

I prayed, sold her a War Cry, and invited myself to come back again the next week, which I did, and found her so glad to see me and impatient to tell me of the wonderful verses she had found in that paper.

"Friendship with Jesus, fellowship divine, Oh, what blessed sweet communion, Jesus is a Friend of mine."

They had brought her so much blessing. I visited her every week, and upon going to see her for the last time, she put her bony arms around my neck, and praised God for the comfort she had received, through that silent messenger, the War Cry—that had found its way into her lonely room in such a strange way.

Mary A. Ollis, Captain.

Love sees a thousand opportunities of serving, that law never discovers. Anna.

## God's Question

TO THE SHEPHERDS

Where is the flock that was given thee; thy beautiful flock?—*Jer. xlii. 20.*

WHERE are the sheep that were safe in the fold?  
 Say, have they wandered away in the cold?  
 Is their place vacant? Oh, where do they roam?  
 Have you been seeking to bring them back home?  
 Sacred the trust God committed to thee,  
 "A beautiful flock," so happy and free;  
 Now they are hungry, and weary, and cold,  
 Wandering away from the kind Shepherd's fold.

Where are the feeble, the sick, and the lone,  
 Who in their sorrow and misery moan?  
 Hearts that are broken with woe and despair  
 Needing thy pity, thy love, and thy care.  
 Bind up the wounded, so weary and faint,  
 Jesus is waiting to hear their complaint;  
 Do not neglect them and leave them to roam,  
 Hasten to find them and bring them back home.

Where are the lambs that He bade thee to feed?  
 Straying away? None supplying their need?  
 They who are claiming thy tenderest care,  
 Jesus the lambs in His bosom would bear  
 "Where is the flock that was given to thee?"  
 Hark! the Good Shepherd is asking of thee.  
 What can you tell Him, oh, what will you say?  
 Have you His flock been attending to-day?

STAFF-CAPT. AGGIE COWAN.

## APHORISMS.

By MRS. HELEN.

You may repeat the life of Christ. What is the use you are merely wifectious?

The atmosphere is ably too much for a

Love that serves that impels our un

With hearts that of Christ, we can a

and misunderstood. Let us be satisfied

than a death-conse To enter into the

enables us to take insignificance of our

Let us be satisfied depend upon the s

Only private praye the unknown danger

on every hand. What a safety va

sing of thanksgivin There is only one

your enemy—it is u How few realize

for every idle word to give an account.

The world alone field of ministry.

There is ample ree in succouring this

Many are ever deeds for the cause, are to sacrifice in

How much more i quer when we love

The way of the rig not always the best

We win or lose the gin it.

The thankful hear ing heart.

Let the world know Your communion

not depend upon i he willing to rel

Let us have fixed Jesus throughout al

The world is lan and women of heart

Hearts not only look vide needs, but in

taught, but touched. Life lived for self

A religion without the Gospel without

He willing to rel self-made plans and

Have a will, but no Get Christ's true

beautifully other lives. Who can estimate

power of love? Being to Christ's y

ected, cheerful devot will be the richer re

## GROWTH BY

By BHUGADI

I HAVE BEEN a great deal

growth by rest to work specially in

life, and gives, I thin of the trials and diffi

young converts in th Why should the s

early spring be hind outer shell which hol

unfolding and expa within their narrow

crumpled, growing c varnished walls of th

And yet we are to sion is necessary to th

they free from the able to develop on a

dereol, they would i without beauty.

The little chicken fattered and shut i

"scope," even to the of an inch, and th

encouragement, but It grows, that is

boundaries! And I that often in our ve

and foster spiritual another's—we do not

care or regard this resistance.

We think the way life to develop is u

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Mary A. Ollis, Captain.

## APHORISMS.

By MRS. HERBERT HOOTH.

You may repeat in your human measure the life of Christ.

What is the use of your religion if you are miserably with your heart's affections?

The atmosphere of Calvary is invariably too much for self.

Love that serves is the motive power that impels our universal Army.

With hearts that are rich in the love of Christ, we can afford to be despised and misunderstood.

Let us be satisfied with nothing less than a death-consecration.

To enter into the sufferings of others enables us to take a clearer view of the insignificance of our own crosses and trials.

The result of your day's march will depend upon the spirit in which you start.

Only private prayer can fit us to meet the unknown dangers that surround us on every hand.

What a safety valve for anxiety is a song of thanks.

There is only one sure defence against your enemy—it is prayer.

How few realize the awful fact that for every little word we shall be called to give an account.

The world alone is the limit of our field of ministry.

There is ample scope for each and all in succoring this God-hungry world.

Many are ever ready to do great deeds for the cause, but how often they are to sacrifice in the little things of life.

How much more likely are we to conquer when we love one another.

The way of the greatest happiness is not always the best.

We win or lose the day before we begin it.

The thankful heart is ever the receiving heart.

Let the world know that you pray.

Your communion with Heaven does not depend upon length of time, but upon the attitude of your soul.

Let us have fixed appointments with Jesus throughout all our days.

The world is languishing for "men and women of heart."

Jesus not only looked upon the worldly needs, but labored; not only taught, but touched.

Life lived for self is a life failure.

A religion without sacrifice is like the Gospel without the Cross.

Be willing to relinquish your own self-made plans and schemes.

Have a will, but not a self-will.

Get Christ's touch, and you shall loudly other lives.

Who can outmatch the transforming power of love?

Bring to Christ your soul's disinterested, cheerful devotion, and the town will be the richer for it.

## GROWTH BY RESISTANCE.

By BIGGADDER DUFF.

I HAVE BEEN THINKING lately a great deal about the law of growth by resistance. It seems to work especially in the beginnings of life, and grows, I think, the more of the trials and difficulties that perplex young converts in their early days.

Why should the soft green leaves of early spring be hindered by that hard outer shell which holds them back from unfolding and expanding? They lie within their narrow covering, cramped, cramped, growing against the brown varnished walls of their prison-house.

And yet we are told that the repression is necessary to them, and that were they free from the outer shells, and able to develop on every hand unhindered, they would be misshapen and without beauty.

The little chicken within the shell is fettered and shut in till it has not "scope" even to the extent of a quarter of an inch, and it grows, not by encouragement, but by resistance.

It grows, that is, in spite of its boundaries. I have been thinking that often in our very anxiety to help and foster spiritual life—our own or another's—we do not sufficiently reverence or regard this law of growth by resistance.

We think the way for our spiritual life to develop is to give it a "free course"—plenty of success, of approbation, of sympathy, of fellowship. God sees it needs, like the tiny chicken or the folded leaf, to grow by opposition,

and that pressure against it from without develops it within.

And, therefore, He gives uncongenial companions, a difficult home, a lonely road, a wearying illness, till some way, with Job, "He hath fenced up my way that I cannot pass," little realizing that the very fence is raised, like a sheltering wall, to foster and produce that which they pray for—the Spirit and likeness of Christ.

For is it not true that souls—like plants—flower best in small pots?

I know a case in point, a man—he has not long been saved from a wild and reckless life, and his wife is a drunkard.

Here is truly "growth by resistance." She sells up his home, pawns his uniform, hinders and tries and baunts him in every conceivable way. And that man's soul develops, his spiritual life grows, and the very expression on his face is a blessing as he walks alone.

And when his love and patience and trust in God are perfected, the Lord will break the shell, and the trial will slip away, but the blessings of the trial will remain with him for ever.

"All The World."

## WAR CRY WITNESS BOX.

Frank Cunningham, the "Hallelujah Scotchman," Testifies.

BACHELIDERS MAY BE RESTORED.

JUST A FEW WORDS to let the readers of the War Cry know how the Lord has saved me, and how He keeps me day in and day out.

Yes, Scotland, ye ken, are rather pretty guile or ver uncoo bad. Well, a wis yin o' the land kin.

If the bachelors can catch the eye of a backslider that thinks there's nae mair hope, that thinks they hae sinnae day's grace, let me tell them, the bachelors had me in the same bog.

Am a backslider brought back tae the Lord. For mair than twa year, I thought there wina any hope for me. A' had deified my Saviour, A' had crucified Him afresh, I wis lost! lost! damned! Ma day o' grace wis past!

But thanks be to God A' pleaded the "Whosoever," an' it saved me. My backslider as well as anyither bachel.

Dear bachelors either or slater, it's auld nick work tae mak ye believe there's nae mair hope for ye, but dinnae fear, ye'll awa' be him, he's a leet, a ways wi', a ways wi' me. Plead the "Whosoever," the God, He wina turn ye awa' again, I'm aye wi' ye.

Get luck tae Jesus, He'll share fae welcome ye. Frae auld Ood.

## Set Yourself to Work for God.

By the Late MRS. GENERAL HOOTH.

The world is dying: Do you believe it? You are called by the wants of the world, begin nearest home if you like, by all means. I have little faith in those people's ministrations who go abroad after others, while their own are perishing at their thresholds. Begin at home, but do not end there. "Oh yes," people say, "begin at home," but they end there, you never hear of them anywhere else, and it comes to very little what they do at home, after all. God has ordained that the two shall go together. God them saved by all means, but get somebody else saved as well. Set yourself to work for God. Go to Him to ask Him how to do it. Go to Him for the equipment of power and then begin. Never mind how you tremble. I dare say your trembling will do more good than all your bravado.

Never mind the tears. I wish Christians would weep the Gospel into people: it would often go deeper than it does. Never mind if you do stammer. They will believe you when it comes from the heart. They will say, "He talked to me quite natural. As a man, said, come time, and natural. As a man, said, come time, and natural."

Wondering that he should be talked to about religion in a natural way, but mind no mock feeling, for they will detect it in a minute. Go to the closest of all you get filled with the Spirit, and then go and let it out upon them. Finney says, "I want and let my heart out on the people." Get your heart full of the living water and then open the gates and let it flow out. Look them in the face and take hold of them lovingly by the hand and say, "My friend, you are dying, you are going to overtake death. If nobody has ever told you till now—I have come to not forgotten. Try it, I say. You MUST prove this IF EVER YOU ARE GOING TO GAIN HEAVEN."



PEOPLE WHO DON'T MAKE PENITENTS.

Some Bandmen pray as well as play; these remain to the prayer-meeting and pray souls into the Fountain, whom they have played into the Hall. Others

again are all music; these leave the prayer-meeting to others, even when their circumstances would permit of their remaining to the prayer-meetings.

(Our Rescue Story)

## AFTER MANY DAYS.

By CORYDON.

## THAT SHAKE OF THE HAND.

HE SAT IN THE BACK SEAT of our Barracks, restless, and evidently uncertain how to act. With the rest of the "boys" rose and left, he remained in his seat. I had noticed him.

I approached him, spoke about his soul. He had a fine, open, honest face, and was dressed after the manner of men employed in the woods.

He did not answer me with the usual "angry frown" of his class. No.

"Are you desirous of Salvation?" was the query. "You know what God will do for you?"

"Ah," he said, "Yes, I know—my mother—and here I noticed a tear-drop fall on to the leg of his rough pants—"I trained me up in the right way, she said"—tears—and I did not walk in it."

"She's gone, eh?"—no!—to be with Jesus?"

"Yes, I know she's gone to be with Him."

"And you want to see her again?"

Looking up quickly, he said, "Yes, I DO want to see her again."

"Then come out and get saved," I said. He only shook his head, a mournful kind of a shake, but oh, it spoke volumes to my soul!

What prompted that shake? Methinks I know. As he rose and went out, a picture flashed to my mind. I could see the lumber camp in the midst of the clearing in the woods the scores of rough, godless men, I could see the shanties at night, full of these men, the day's work over, gathered to gether circling, yarning and blaspheming. I could see the river drive, with its scores of men along those banks driving those logs.

filling the air with their oaths and curses. And the counterpart of my picture, methinks, was pictured in that man's mind—the Devil, who saw the tears-drops and the heaving breast, and with his great subtlety, raised before his mind's eye in letters made of fire, that cruel, IMPOSSIBLE TO LIVE CHRIST THERE!

And yet there is a CHRIST, Who is King of lumber camps and saw-mills—those places where the Word of God seldom, if ever, reaches a power for YOU, my brother, if you are a lumberman, that will enable you to stand for Christ, and bear the fire unflinchingly, a Christ with Whom you can commune, though surrounded by His enemies, at all times.

Try it, for cause sake, and for your poor, old, maybe-died-for-gotten mother's, who taught you to slip a prayer, which, perhaps, in all your wanderings, you have not forgotten. Try it, I say. You MUST prove this IF EVER YOU ARE GOING TO GAIN HEAVEN.

IT IS NOT of the ELIZA of Uncle Tom's cabin fame we are going to write. Our Eliza hasn't the black skin; but, ah, mo! how black the heart—black with the sins of years.

When Eliza was born, in the little, humble home, her Christian father and mother loved and caressed the little one, and never dreamed, as they listened to the innocent prattle, and watched their darling at play, that she would ever become a bearded drunkard.

The years of her childhood had scarcely passed when, alas! death entered the home, taking away both father and mother, and she, poor child, after the husband rites had been performed, and her loved ones laid away from her sight, was taken to the home of her sister, who some years before had married a drunkard, and had now become nearly as bad as her husband.

"If you will not drink it, I will throw it over you," her sister said one day, a short time after she entered her home, and she held the glass, filled with that accursed stuff that blights and ruins so many bodies and souls, and the frightened child swallowed the contents of the glass. Then began her downward career.

She drank and did as the others did after that.

"I lived anywhere," she says, "and went on for years and years," until, one Sunday afternoon, a lady asked her if she would like to go with her to the "Drunkard Women's Home."

She answered, "Yes," glad to think she could have a home somewhere.

She had such an uncontrollable temper she did not live very peacefully, and thus made it uncomfortable for the other inmates, and one of the Committee had to be sent for when her temper was aroused, to quiet her.

After a time, Eliza found herself drifting again on the world. She went on in the old way, until she heard of the Salvation Army Rescue Home, and thought within herself, "I'll find that place, if it takes me all day to do it!"

It did not take her all day; a friendly lady directed her, and she found herself ringing the bell, and asking to be admitted.

She was readily admitted into the Home and told of Jesus, who could save from all sin.

Poor, weary, sin-sick Eliza knelt and asked her mother's God to pardon and save her!

Was she cured out?

No, never!—Jesus never casts out any who come to Him in true repentance, and to use her own words, "He's a great haul at forgiving folks."

Is she still good, you ask?

For nearly two years not a drop of the demon drink has ever touched her lips, and her own testimony to-day is: "I'm as happy as a bee. God has done as much for me."

JESSE McDONALD.

## CONTENTS.

FIELD COMMISSIONER'S CAMPAIGN AT ST. CATHARINES.  
 GOF'S WAR.  
 NEVERS, (by the Field Commissioner).  
 WATCHWORDS OF THE BIBLE (by the Commandant).  
 APOHISMS, (by Mrs. Herbert Smith).  
 SERVING POVERTY'S GRAY HAIRS, (by A. L. P.).  
 "WAR CRY" WAR.  
 SERIAL STORIES:—"DAD SLOSS," "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS," "DAD HICKLE."  
 SONGS.

## WAR CRY

## THE COMMISSIONER'S GLORIOUS WEEK-END CAMPAIGN.

A wave of awakening interest and enthusiasm characterizes the Commissioner's visit to any city. The tremendous successes of Hamilton and St. Catharines are the two latest proofs of this well-recognized fact. Everywhere her meetings are attended by greater (and in many cases overwhelming) crowds than in any previous campaign. Indeed, it seems as if the advent of the Commissioner has given a new lease of vigorous and prosperous life to the Local Corps in many centres.

The after effects of blessing are even mightier upon the Army's efforts in such places than the actual event and benediction of our leader's presence at the time.

## "MONK" OR MAN, WHICH?

"First of all an undertaker was sent for to embalm the deceased corpse. After this was done, 'Monk' was tenderly laid in a white broadcloth draped casket, trimmed with cream-colored satin. The employees bought a large wreath of roses and placed it on top of the casket with a pillow piece from the travelling salesman of the firm. Mr. Curtis showed his respect to 'Monk' by buying a large bouquet of lilies and putting them on his hat.

"At two o'clock yesterday afternoon the funeral procession moved from the office of the factory, where 'Monk's' body had laid for thirty-six hours. The pall-bearers were Charles Stockler, 'Hy' Parker, C. A. Hurlbut and Max Bromer. The interment was in a vacant lot in the rear of the easlet factory. Mr. Curtis being Master of Ceremonies. A quartette was sung, 'The Vacant Chair,' and 'Monk' was lowered into his grave."

The above we call from a contemporary. No fault do we find with kindness shown to any living creature, but in the name of God why should love and money be thus lavishly wasted on the corpse of a dog, when the living starving poor are daily knocking at our door for shelter and a crust wherewith to keep body and soul together?

## WANTED-ANOTHER JUBILEE.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S kindly message to Queen Victoria on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee, was an expression of affection and an evidence of that good-will existing between the Empire and the Republic, which all right-thinking men desire to see fostered. We venture to say that, as a people, the British have never entertained such but warm and brotherly sentiments towards America, and certainly they do so now. In the broad Republic, as well as throughout the Queen's vast dominions, the one flag of the Salvation Army is blessed with a measure of liberty unparalleled elsewhere, wherefore we Salvationists, whether Canadian or American, rejoice in whatever tends to increase the spirit of brotherhood between the two peoples so favorable to our organization, while those who dwell under the flag of the Empire will join voices with the myriads of others in the anthem, "God save the Queen," every petition of which has been, by God's goodness, abundantly answered. We would like now to see another Jubilee, not of the Empire, but of the world, when all the nations would unite in recognizing practically the Kingship of Christ, and when all men would give Jesus His rightful place in each heart and life.

## West Ontario's Welcome TO - IT'S - NEW - PROVINCIAL - OFFICERS.



MAJOR SOUTHALL.

ON TUESDAY EVENING, June 11th, our new leaders, Major and Mrs. Southall, were welcomed to the West Ontario Province in right royal fashion. Their initiation meeting was held in the Citadel at London. In the unavoidable absence of the Chief Secretary, Staff-Captain Turner very ably conducted the arrangements, while every Officer and Soldier present did their utmost to make our worthy Provincial Officer and his estimable wife feel at home in our midst, as well as to assure them of our pleasure at greeting them as our Provincial Commanders. And before the meeting closed we were assured that our end was accomplished. A rousing march preceded the inside meeting, the Soldiers turning out in goodly numbers. After the opening song and prayer in the Citadel, Staff-Captain Turner called upon several Officers and Soldiers to represent the welcomes of different branches of the work.

The Social was well in evidence in the person of Captain Collier, who assured the Major that if he only stayed with the London people long enough and did not neglect to come often to the Shelter for a bowl of soup, he would acquire a much more striking resemblance to the Shelter's Captain (the Captain in question still holds his own with respect to size).

Bandmaster James Pope extended a hearty welcome to the Provincial Officer on behalf of the Band, and promised to help him in every way possible. He also humorously advised the Major

## MIGHTY MASS MEETING IN TORONTO.

Huge Crowd Impressed for God and Eternity.

At close of day's indoor warfare, Temple Chris assembled in open-air for Jubilee Mass Meeting. Brigadier Complin, assisted by Staff-Captain Minnie, Adjutants Manton, Ray, Burditt, Ensign Kenning and others led. Huge concourse of people listened, deeply impressed. Bright singing, rollicking testimony, powerful address. Aursurs well for Summer Campaign.

## ADJT BYERS SAYS GOOD-BYE TO LISGAR ST.

Farewell of Adjutant Byers at Lisgar Street, led by Brigadier and Mrs. Head and Staff-Captain Minnie. Grand time. Good audience. Three souls.

## Lisbon, N.D.-Visit of Brigadier Bonnett - Barracks Packed - Sinners Saved.

Brigadier was with us for Saturday and Sunday. His first visit in our Corps. He was an inspiration to us all. God bless him. Saturday night we had a glorious Free-and-Easy. Sunday Kne-drill, Jesus was there, and accepted our renewed consecrations. Holiness meeting a time of blessing and encouragement to all, both sinner and saint. The afternoon meeting was a good, lively time. The Brigadier dealing with the people for Eternity. At night there was a big attendance as at all the other meetings. God came right in our midst and made this last meeting the best of all. Thank God our work was not in vain. Three souls came out, while the Brigadier was with us, and definitely

to improve his health by dealing at the butcher's shop where he works. In typical Scotch accent, Brother Angers gave expression to the welcome of the Local Officers. Adjutant Cass spoke for the Soldiers and Brother John Stewart assured the new-comers of the good-will and practical sympathy of the citizens in general and the Press in particular while they labored in their midst in faithful service to the lost and fallen. Lieutenant Oster spoke on behalf of Staff-Captain Complin and the Local work, while Field Officers and Soldiers outside the city were represented by Ensigns Savage and McKendrick respectively. Adjutant Armit, speaking for the Staff Officer, gave a warm welcome also to the Majors.

Although extremely fatigued after their journey of several days on the cars from Spokane, Major and Mrs. Southall both spoke, expressing themselves as deeply affected by the many kind words that had been said and assuring all present that during their stay in the West Ontario Province, be it long or short, they would earnestly strive to do their duty in all things, and to show themselves to be indeed workmen that need not to be ashamed.

The whole meeting was such as to confirm the belief that our new leaders are the right persons in the right places. If the same spirit of unity and faithfulness is maintained throughout, as was manifested there, our new Provincial Officers need have no fear but that continual victory will be theirs.

J. H. M.



MRS. MAJOR SOUTHALL.

gave themselves to God, and three more, who had hitherto not known the Credo, confessed Christ's blood, sought and found Salvation. Glory to God. The Brigadier has gone, but has left behind him cheered hearts and determined fighters. We are looking forward to the visit of our District Officer, Ensign Thomas, next week. Will let you know how we get along later on.

Lieut. A. J. W. Tongue.

## THE SITUATION IN INDIA.

LATE NEWS from India's sorely-stricken land states that the famine distress is greater than ever, and that grain is still rising in price. With the above appalling tidings come news of the progress of relief work of the Salvation Army. We now employ 1,500 people, and have forty grain depots in operation. Colonel Raj Singh, writing from East Poonah, says he witnessed as many as 800 persons relieved in one day at a depot. He describes the gratitude of those assisted as being beyond expression, while he says that such is their destitution that some have not even a piece of cloth in which to put their portion of grain. The Colonel speaks of the Government as doing a magnificent relief work, but their efforts of help are chiefly in the cities, while our efforts are mainly directed towards the woes of the suffering villagers. The monsoon has now started and in some districts several inches of rain give promise of food in plenty—but in the future. The upheaval of an alarming earthquake has added to the afflictions in some parts, while the thermometer is registered, it is reported, as being the highest on record. Amidst all this sorrow, want and catastrophe, our devoted Officers are seeking with zeal an additional opportunity of getting close into the life of the people by loving and serving them for Christ's sake.

## MIXTURES.

Brigadier Margotta is much better and has a complexion brown as a berry. Adjutant Byers talked on "When and Where to Get Married" recently at Lisgar Street Barracks.

Prayers are very often offered up in the Statistical Department for delinquents in sending in their figures. Brigadier Read has printed a very useful memorandum card for Field Officers, showing a list of the regular payments due from their Corps.

A Toronto firm "have a prayer meeting with their employees every morning from 7 till 7.30, and pay their men for the time spent in the meeting. Staff-Captain Har-ave and two lady bicyclists got "kinner" mixed in a humorous collision lately. The Staff-Captain is becoming a professed wheelman.

Twenty minutes to one I went to bed this a.m.; was helping somebody through till twelve last night at the Barracks. "Extract from Ensign Kenning's office chat.

Major Southall and Staff-Captain Turner are getting up a pamphlet advising the Commissioners' coming tour. Photographs of the leading officers will appear therein.

"If you want an 'All the World, the Liver,' or 'Conqueror,' see Sergeant Reilly," is a notice on the wall of the Staff-Captain's barracks. This brother is the Publication Sergeant, and is a hustler, and no mistake.

Captain Rowe, who has just returned from St. Catharines, called at T. H. Q. recently. He says the people there are the best he ever met, and he never felt so bad at leaving a place. Things are booming over there.

Jung Jones (so we believe) of Brantford, attended Adjutant and Mrs. Creditor's welcome meeting and voluntarily gave them a welcome. He said that when a certain other organization got too stuck up, the Lord sent the Army along.

A London newspaper man said Brigadier Read was the only person in four years who had spoken to him about his son's Salvation. And a reporter said the only man who had asked after his son's welfare in five years was a blacksmith.

The Union Station Baggage and Customs Agent, told Captain Edburn (better known as "Puck") that he had less trouble in his department with Army people than other people on the earth.

The following appeared in a New York paper: The Salvation Army have formed a Recycling Corps, and when riding have mottoes such as the following hung on their wheels: "We'll pacify the devil's fire," "We're sounding on in glory," "We will recapture all that have slid-slipper."

Brigadier Read has issued a number of collecting books in Central Ontario Province on behalf of the Sick and Wounded, and of a unique kind. Each page of the book is marked out into squares, each of which form a receipt for five cents, a whole page contains a dollar's worth of receipts. When the collector gets a donation he tears off for the donor a receipt equal to the value of the amount given.

## A Few North-West C.B.M. Tips.

Mrs. Swain, L. B. A., Neepawa, takes her box on the train and collects.

Sister Moore, L. B. A., Neepawa, collects after meetings.

Mrs. Brown, Birtle, Man., sells her War Cry and puts the cash in the box.

Brother Scram, Moose Jaw, takes his box in his pocket and solicits occasionally.

Mrs. Bentley, L. B. A., Brandon, has some of her little pieces in a neighbouring village collect in a box.

F. McKENZIE, Provincial Agent G. R. M.

## Oakes, N.D.

Still on the up-grade. Captain Halkirk with us for three days. Good meetings. Ice-Cream Social a big success. Victory through the Road. Jack Macraeger and McLean, for Captain Charlton.

## Nelson, B.C.

Our new Officers, Captain Stevens and Lieutenant Southwell, are getting on nicely with the people. Earliest spirit meetings are the order of the day. Young Comrades coming to the front; collections good and prospects bright. Brother Arthur M. Brinley.



WARM-HEARTED FOLK are a characteristic of the Garden City. Though at the thought that Miss Booth consented to give St. Catharines a day made them almost fearful it should be too good to be true. Doubts vanished in delighted smiles as she drove past the open-air stadium Saturday night. As the group of staunch-hearted warriors at the corner came into view, the local Commissioner's face spoke volume of the inspiration which the sight of people at their post was to her.

## Interest was Rampant.

Even on the boat thither we had covered what excitement was awaited over our leader's visit. Comrades were made for and about and some disappointment was felt when it was found that she was not on board. However, 8 p.m. of same date found the Field Commissioner, Ensign Welch and William "home," having come by another "What a lovely place!" exclaiming leader, as she stood at the Quay door and looked out upon no handwork.

## News Ran Like Wild Fire.

through the city of her arrival, at utmost anticipation of the morning meeting was entertained. The String Band from T. H. Q. good service on Saturday night. The air was hot and oppressive, but the meeting was interesting, and coming, and one little girl knelt a Cross.

The knee-drill was richly enjoyed was a profitable time, and sealed the Salvation of another soul. Holiness meeting was a deeply spiritual battle. Solidity and depth of devotion were the chief characteristics—quickly God spoke. Staff-Captain spoke led some typical testimonies. Brigadier Read and Mrs. Major Complin to the hearts of the crowd. The termination of the gathering a happy affair indeed. The dramatic the previous night spoken crossly Sergeant-Major. He felt content for it, and "had slept very poorly through the night. He came here at the Cross, sought deliverance found it. All glory to Jesus! God gave our leader

## Glorious Weather.

for her afternoon and night meetings. We took particular note that the morning prayers had been with petitions for the "Cross her!" "Help her!" "Strengthen her!" "Bear her up!" were the exclamations. And He did it! The Opera House was well-attended such gatherings. Neat and new admirable acoustic properties, it the bill! all right, and "died" it in another sense. Distances there were with regard warm weather, but we wish readers could have heard that as Miss Booth entered, accompanied by her Staff, in a dense mass crowd rose to their feet to welcome her. At once

## Eternal Business was Begun.

"Let us sing of His love once was lifted away to the roof. Such singing made all feel free. But hand, the Commissioner stood to bid before she began, "Willie" went to the table, and sang of heaven. The audience was excited. How they clapped as his small voice resounded around the big! Then our leader poured forth a veritable torrent of truth upon the people. Deep indeed were her prayers. Thrust after thrust did she give consolences of her listeners. Her den, her sorrow, was not for the future altogether, but for the blessing of sins, of disobediences, of shakelings, written against the many then looking into her old men, young men,

## Giddy, Careless Ones Winced.

under the scathing, burning truth they literally poured from the lips of our God-inspired Commissioner. It is interesting to note many who for years had been prejudiced against the Army totally indifferent as to what



## BRIGADIER HOWELL

AND  
Chancellor's Welcome Meetings in  
Spokane.

"SPOKANE next station!" announced the brakeman. This was a joyful sound to us, after a long and weary ride of 2,500 miles—four days and four nights on the cars. A few moments later the train steamed into the station. It was good to see Major Southall's and Ensign Jarr's faces on the platform. While going through the usual hand-shaking, the sounds of music caught our ears, and there, outside the depot, stood a crowd of Indian Soldiers, also smiling, with colors flying and band playing to welcome us. This was an agreeable surprise, and after such hearty and enthusiastic volleys of welcome as they gave us, we could not help feeling perfectly at home. After a few appropriate words from the Brigadier, and a toast from Staff-Captain and Mrs. Watson, we were escorted to the Provincial Headquarters by the Officers and Soldiers.

Saturday and Sunday had been arranged for our welcome meetings. Crowds surrounded the open-air meetings, and listened to the Brigadier's singing and concertina-playing.

The Hall was filled with a typical western crowd, with one, which we found anywhere else. From the cute American who calculated we were all right, to the poor Indians, with their buckskin moccasins and scarlet blankets, who sauntered in to hear the newcomers, everybody seemed to receive us well. The cow-boys who happened to be in the city, took in the Army; the hardy gold-miners, prospectors, lawyers, merchants, mechanics, laborers, drunks, theatricals, and all nations, of all kinds and classes, listened to the story of the Christ of God, attentive, quiet, well-behaved, impressive, and good-humored. One soul sought salvation at the first meeting.

Sundays meetings were splendid for crowds, souls and finances, finishing up with fourteen souls for salvation and eleven for the Blessing. Glory to God! Ensign and Mrs. Barnes wisely arranged a Soldiers' Tea for Tuesday evening. The Brigadier, after an enjoyable repast, the Brigadier explained his hopes and schemes for the Pacific province to the Soldiers, which were enthusiastically received, especially the announcement of the proposed opening of a Shelter in Spokane. We held in all a week's meetings, and had a total of 30 souls for pardon and cleansing. The Soldiers were inspired and blessed. The Officers were encouraged, the public pleased, and a good many was, we believe, given to the work generally.

We have received most hearty letters of welcome from the Officers all over the Province, which are very much appreciated. Ensign and Mrs. Barnes have done a good work here. Mrs. Barnes at present is sadly needing a rest, but we trust after a month in the mountains she will be all right again. The Ensign is as happy as a pig in clover. He has evidently adapted himself to the Americans very well indeed.

The Soldiers impressed us as a most hearty, whole-hearted, earnest band of men and women, devoted to God, souls and the Army. They received us right royally. God bless them!

We start to-morrow for British Columbia; expect to be away over two weeks. The Brigadier opens the new Shelter in Vancouver on Tuesday, June 22nd. Look out for news from B. C.

Yours faithfully,  
J. WATSON.

## FIELD COMMISSIONER

## MISS BOOTH

Assisted by the FAMOUS STAFF  
BRASS BAND will visit

LONDON . . . . . July 3, 4, 5  
STRATFORD . . . . . July 6  
GALT . . . . . July 7

HEAVENLY CAMPAIGNING  
IN A MODERN PARADISE.

The Field Commissioner at St. Catharines.

WARM-HEARTED FOLK are characteristic of the Garden City. Their joy at the thought that Miss Booth had consented to give St. Catharines a Sunday made them almost fearful lest it should be too good to be true. But all doubts vanished in delighted certainty as she drove past the open-air stand on Saturday night. As the group of staunch-hearted warriors at the street corner came into view, the look on the Commissioner's face spoke volumes for the inspiration which the sight of her people at their post was to her.

## Interest was Rampant.

Even on the bath thither we had discovered what excitement was awakened over our leader's visit. Continual enquiries were made for and about her, and some disappointment was manifested when it was found that she was not on board. However, 8 p.m. on the same date found the Field Commissioner, Ensign Welch and Willie "at home," having come by another route. "What a lovely place," exclaimed our leader, as she stood at the Quartermaster's door and looked out upon nature's handiwork.

## How Ran Like Wild Fire

through the city of her arrival, and the utmost anticipation of the morrow's meeting was entertained. The string band from T. H. Q. did good service on Saturday night. The air was hot and oppressive, but the meeting was interesting, and convicting, and one little girl knelt at the Cross.

The knee-drill was richly enjoyed. It was a profitable time, and sealed by the Salvation of another soul. The Homecoming was deeply spiritual, battle, solidity and depth of dealing were the chief characteristics—consequently God spoke. Staff-Captain Mindeed led some typical testimonies. Mrs. Brigadier Read and Mrs. Major Gaskin spoke to the hearts of the crowd. The termination of the gathering was a happy affair indeed. The drummer had the previous night spoken crossly to the Sergeant-Major. He felt condemned for it, and had slept very poorly all through the night. He cast himself at the Cross, sought deliverance and found it. All glory to Jesus!

## Glorious Weather

for her afternoon and night meeting. We took particular note that most of the morning prayers had been filled with petitions for the Commissioner. "Bless her!" "Help her!" "Strengthen her!" "Bless her up!" were the exclamations. The Opera House was well-fitted for such gatherings. Neat and new, with admirable acoustic properties, it filled the bill all right, and the citizens "filled" it in another sense. Disadvantages there were with regard to the warm weather, but we wish "Cry" readers could have heard that "Amen" as Miss Booth entered, accompanied by her Staff. In a dense mass the crowd rose to their feet to welcome her. At once.

## External Business was Begun.

"Let us sing of His love once again" was lifted away to the roof. Such good singing made all feel free. Bible in hand, the Commissioner stood to read, but before she began, "Willie" was put on to the table, and sang a few choruses. The audience was captivated. How they clapped as his sweet, small voice resounded around the building! Then our leader poured forth a veritable torrent of truth upon the people. Deep indeed were her probings. Thrust after thrust did she give to the consciousness of her listeners. Her burden, her sorrow, was not for their future altogether, but for the black list of sins, of disobedience, of shame, of backsliding, written against the names of many then looking into her eyes. Old men, young men,

## Giddy, Careless Ones Wined

under the scathing, burning truths as they literally poured from the heart and lips of our God-inspired Commissioner. It is interesting to note that many that afternoon who for years had been prejudiced against the Army, and totally indifferent as to what it had

done and is doing, were for the first time brought into close touch with its principles and its objects, as the Commissioner spoke.

The influence for good thus made on the Garden City was

## Worth Thousands of Dollars

to the Army's local work. Money could not do what God assisted the Commissioner in doing that day. The afternoon effort was a great strain upon our leader. Close and oppressive had been the Opera House, and we trembled somewhat as to the Commissioner's strength lasting out. Again she bravely took her stand at night, and faced a big crowd. But, unfortunately her physical powers showed signs of giving out. Gladness welled up as she stood to declare God's message. She was forced to leave the platform and a wave of sympathy swept over the audience. "I'll try and come in later on," said the Commissioner, as she retired to an ante-room. Brigadier and Mrs. Read and Major Gaskin jumped into the breach for a few minutes, and then a general sigh of relief came upon us as the Field Commissioner's face was seen appearing from the side of the stage to the platform. Though still weak and trembling, she seized the table and for fully twenty minutes poured out volley after volley of Gospel truth, warning and counsel. It was a supreme effort on her part, and she was supremely upheld. More than one of that great audience showed that they were

## Flicked to the Heart.

and quickly the tears flowed down some cheeks. Though not seeing much viable result, yet who can estimate the eternal issues of those special meetings?

The Commissioner and her Staff were able to return on the "Lakeside," early

on Monday morning. It would have cheered our comrades all over the Field had they seen our dear leader as the central figure of a group of T. H. Q. Staff musicians at one end of the boat supplying good strangled music to a big crowd of passengers, who eagerly listened. Of course little Willie was a leading figure as he stood on a chair singing, "You've carried your burden."

The meetings left an indelible impression. Countless hopes are entertained that the Commissioner will speedily re-visit St. Catharines.

## NOTES.

Thanks are due to the Press for keeping the Commissioner's meetings so well before the eye of the public.

"Religion's a good thing for that child, anyhow," said a listener to little Willie's song.

The financial proceeds of the two meetings were \$75. A phenomenal record.

"Who were those four men in red?" asked some one, pointing to the four members of the Staff Band in the open air procession. On being informed he said, "Well, they do add to the Band!"

A professor of music who listened to the strains of the String Band on the boat, said: "That music and singing is far above the standard of Army music."

"Pointed, piercing, pungent!" is Major Gaskin's description of the Commissioner's addresses.

## Cosmopolitan News.

IN THE STATES RECENTLY, a man and his wife put into their Mercy-Box one cent for every year they had lived. "WHAT RELIGIOUS PAPER has the largest circulation in the world?" was asked in a Texan paper. The War Cry, was the reply, giving figures. \* \* \* A DUTCH FRIEND has donated \$120 to our Social work in Holland. \* \* \* MANLINESS is the topic of one of the latest South African Cris. It is an inspiring number. \* \* \* DELIVERANCE FROM UYUWALA AND UGWAL was the aim of eleven Zulu holiness seekers in a meeting held by the Zulu District Officer recently. \* \* \* AN UMBRELLA hung with lanterns was carried by an Indian lady in an Australian march. During the meeting which followed the local billiard rooms and card tables are reported as being empty. \* \* \* THE COMMANDANT is a wonder for work, says the New Zealand Cry. \* \* \* IN BUENOS AYRES, during one month our Shelter accommodated 1,445 men and supplied 2,355 meals. \* \* \* ADJUTANT PERRY, of Australian fame, who travels with limelights and cinematographic apparatus, had seven souls and \$200 at a recent week-end. \* \* \* THE BRITISH CONSUL in Monte Video has commenced to send his poor to the Army Shelter. \* \* \* A CHILDREN'S SHELTER is the latest Australian Social proposition. \* \* \* ANOTHER MEMBER of the well-

known Carleton family has recently been married—Captain Edith, to Staff-Captain Tom Lewis. \* \* \* THE NAVAL AND MILITARY LEAGUE have in India 46 Branches and 24 Military Leagues. \* \* \* SEVEN THOUSAND five hundred people were the total audiences at three of Colonel Munn's meetings in North India, India. \* \* \* THE MARECHALE had a wonderful day with the miners and iron workers of Marechales, Belgium. \* \* \* LIEUT.-COL. AND MRS. KEMPBL have arrived from the Coast of the South Pacific on a furlough to England, after an absence of nearly twenty years from the Old Country. \* \* \* A JUNIOR AUXILIARY LEAGUE is now started in the States, of which the first member is the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel French. \* \* \* THE ARMY has ten day-schools in Cape Colony, Natal, and the Orange Free State. \* \* \* A MOHAMMEDAN PRINCE is a Cadet in the Bareilly (North India) Training Home. His name is Sultan Mohammed Mirza. \* \* \* THE MISSIONARY TEA LEAGUE now numbers over 43,344 members. \* \* \* THE SAILORS' HOME AT YOKOHAMA is doing good service. For a few see the crowd of seamen who frequent the port can get comfort and salvation care. \* \* \* THE NEW FINISH HEADQUARTERS at Wigan, England, is a wonderful trophy of grace, having served twenty years of penal servitude. \* \* \* BRIGADIER WILMER has just concluded a very successful tour among the coloured people of South Africa. \* \* \* The act of praise brings the spirit of praise—Phoebe Palmer.

GOD has thrown every thunderbolt possible  
in the path of the wicked to stop him on  
his downward way to hell.

—THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

## MIXTURES.

Brigadier Margrette is much better and has a complexion brown as a berry.

Adjutant Byers talked on "When and Where to Get Married" recently at Ligon Street Barracks.

Prayers are very often offered up in the Statistical Department for delinquents in sending in their figures.

Brigadier Read has printed a very useful memorandum card for Field Officers, showing a list of the regular payments due from their Corps.

A Toronto firm "have a prayer meeting with their employees every morning from 7 till 7.30, and pay their men for the time spent in the meeting.

Staff-Captain Harve and two lady bicyclists got "kicker" nixed in a harmless collision lately. The Staff-Captain is becoming a proficient wheelman.

Twenty minutes to one I went to bed this a.m., with helping somebody through the twelve last night at the barracks. "Extract from Ensign Jennings's office chat.

Major Southall and Staff-Captain Turner are setting up a pamphlet advertising the Commissioner's coming tour. Photographs of the leading Officers will appear therein.

"If you want an 'All the World,' 'De-liverer,' or 'Conqueror,' see Sergeant Beatty," is a notice on the wall of the St. Catharines Barracks. This Brother is the Publication Sergeant, and is a hustler, and no mistake.

Captain Rowe, who has just fared well from St. Catharines, called at T. H. Q. recently. He says the people there are the best he ever met, and he never felt so bad at leaving a place. Things are looking over there.

Juan Jones (so we believe) of Brandon, attended Adjutant and Mrs. Creighton's welcome meeting and voluntarily gave them a welcome. He said that when a certain other organization got too stuck up, the Lord sent the Army along.

A London newspaper man said Brigadier Read was the only person in four years who had spoken to him about his soul's salvation. And a reporter said the only man who had asked after his soul's welfare in five years was a blacksmith.

The Union Station Haggag and Customs Agent, Toronto, told Captain Read (better known as "Pork") that he had less trouble in his department with Army people than other people on the cars.

The following appeared in a New York paper: "The Salvation Army have formed a Bicycling Corps, and when riding have mottoes such as the following hung on their wheels: 'We'll puncture the devil's tire.' 'We're scorching on to glory.' 'We will reclaim all that have side-slip.'"

Brigadier Read has issued a number of collecting books in Central Ontario Province on the subject of the Sick and Wounded Fund of a unique kind. Each page of the book is marked out into squares, each of which form a receipt for five cents, or the value of a dollar's worth of receipts. When the collector gets a donation he tears off the five-cent receipt and sends it to the value of the amount given.

## A Few North-West G.B.M. Tips.

Mrs. Swain, L. B. A., Neepawa, takes her box on the train and collects.

Sister Pierce, L. B. A., Neepawa, collects after meetings.

Mrs. Brown, Brie, Man, sells her War Cry and puts the cash in the box.

Brother Seram, Moose Jaw, takes his box in his pocket and collects occasionally.

Mrs. Hunting, L. B. A., Brandon, has some of her little boxes in a neighbouring village collect in a box.

F. McKENZIE,  
Provincial Agent G. B. M.

## Oakes, N. D.

Still on the up-grade, Captain Habbick with us for three days. Good meetings. Ice-Cream Social a big success. Victory through the Blood—Lieut. Barrager and McLean, for Captain Charlton.

## Nelson, B. C.

Our new Officers, Captain Stevens and Lieutenant Southwell, are getting on nicely with the people. Hardest spiritual meetings are the order of the day. Young Comrades coming to the front! collections good and prospects bright. Brother Arthur M. Brindley.

## A VARIETY OF FACTS

FROM THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL.

**\$50 for Jesus—Another Half-Handled for Toronto Rescue Home—Army Saves Helpless Little Ones—Best Home to Date.**

I WOULD LIKE to have gone around the Province with you, but my tour was all arranged, and travelling is so expensive that I did not feel I could come back from the Sherbrooke District," so remarked Brigadier Sharp, as he sat in the Women's Social Secretary's Office a day or two ago.

"The rather late, but the rush of many pressing duties has prevented me mentioning before the hearty co-operation of not only the Provincial Officer, but the Dear Officers and Soldiers of the East Ontario Province in bringing the rescue work before the public. They have been very anxious to make the meetings a success, and consequently we had a splendid time. Most visits have already been reported, but I must add a word or two."

I was indeed pleased to see Adjutant Stanyon, in company with the Canadian Officers, watching at the wharf for the arrival of my steamer, after the delightful sail through the Thousand Islands from Brockville. The Social meeting was held in the pretty Grace Church. In the absence of the pastor at the Conference, a member of the Church took the chair. A goodly number were present and seemed to enjoy the meeting.

A gentleman from the above place has sent us \$50.00 this week for the Toronto Rescue Home. A thousand thanks. May the dear Lord prosper this generous donor!

Three days at Kingston finished the Campaign. Two souls cried for mercy in the Sunday evening meeting. The crowds in the afternoon and evening were splendid and splendid, in spite of the outside attraction of decorating the grave of the late Sir John Macdonald.

Monday a visit to the Penitentiary, tea with the members of the League of Mercy, and a public gathering were the order of the day.

We publicly commissioned the League of Mercy workers. Since January of this year, they have been doing good service, under the leadership of Staff-Captain Hargrave. In the five institutions visited, much good has been accomplished.

We had a pleasant, sociable tea and interesting incidents of League of Mercy warfare formed the topic of conversation.

By the latest arrangement, Mrs. Brigadier Sharpe takes the oversight of the League in Kingston, assisted by Mrs. Staff-Captain Rawling. Mrs. Sharpe and Staff-Captain and Mrs. Rawling were present and assisted in most of the meetings. It was blessed with Brother Preece, who was a Soldier eleven years ago, when the writer was Lieutenant at Kingston with Captain Holtham, now Mrs. Major Glover, of Australia.

In all the places visited, little Lorne's singing seemed to touch many hearts. "May God speed the work which reaches little ones as the Children's Shelter Department does," was the benediction of hundreds.

"I wonder if it is the \$20.00 I prayed for for the Home," exclaimed Ensign Holman, as we hastily tore open an interesting registered letter on the first day of my visit to Montreal. The Ensign had asked the Lord for fifty dollars for improvements and some articles which she had purchased in faith. The Lord was true to His promise. "Ask and ye shall receive"—for we found just the \$50.00 in the envelope with a tiny scrap of paper, on which was written, "Money for Jesus." It is more blessed to give than to receive, so the giver's heart must have been very full of joy that day if they felt half as happy as we did about it.

The Montreal new Home, I believe, is the best up-to-date in appointments, position, etc. It has accommodation for twenty girls and twenty-one babies.

Happy memories—blessed victories—sorrows healed—tears dried—blessings dispensed, are a few of the reasons that have made 11 Plateau Street immortal to hundreds of sad, bleeding hearts; but we believe, triumphant as the past has been, still greater things shall be accomplished in the "Jubilee Industrial Home," 245 St. Antoine Street.

From East and West comes news of victory, but more anon. \* \* \* Staff-Captain Cowan, Ensigns Jordan and Holman, and Captain Fraser and Hall are all having a much-needed and well-earned rest. \* \* \* Mrs. Ensign Rosa has obtained permission for the League of Mercy to visit five institutions in Montreal. \* \* \* A beautiful spirit of unity prevails in that city. \* \* \* The French Corps are having more victories. \* \* \* "The Boer" is flourishing spiritually and financially. \* \* \* Adjutant Mingo, of Point St. Charles, Canada House, No. 1, with their helpers and Soldiers are earnest and devoted, and God is blessing their efforts.

## WEST ONTARIO WAR WHOOPS.

Re-Echoed by Major Southall.

Scarcely had the blended voices of our Spokane Soldiers and friends in the well-known hymn "God be with you," etc., and the valiant follow-up—as an expression of love and confidence—died away, before the sound of new voices greeted us with the most hearty welcome of our experiences. There is no mistake about it—the West Ontario Province Officers and Soldiers know how to do thoroughly anything they attempt to do.

A number of letters reached us before we left Spokane, and numbers more reached us in London from most of the Officers in the Province, as well as quite a number from different parts of the Dominion, expressing pleasure at the Commission's decision in appointing Mrs. Southall and myself to the West Ontario Province. The affection thus shown by comrades who have served under us in former days, and in our last appointment, together with those who have beautifully expressed their readiness to heartily co-operate with us in our new command, will not soon be forgotten. How blessed is the spirit of Comradeship!—how cheering!—how strengthening, and to devils how discomfiting!

Our welcome meeting has already been reported, and it is unnecessary for me to say any more except that Staff-Captain and Mrs. Turner deserve special mention for having things nicely in shape and up-to-date. Adjutant Mrs. Cans also merits a special word for the arrangements made in connection with the welcome meetings.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER'S VISIT. This is all the rage. Some novel features are being adopted in the advertising line. Brantford, Ingersoll and Stratford will vie with each other in the attempt to do the biggest thing. Who will prosper?

THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN. We found the Officers quite alive on this point, and this summer's campaign will cause many names to be added to the Book of Life as a result of special and unique endeavors in our Corps. Why can't we have more music? Many of our people play instruments of some sort at home, who are never urged to do anything in the open air. TROT 'EM OUT—EVEN TO A JEW'S HARP!

### NOTES.

Sergeant Collier, of the London Shelter, looks as delicate as ever; makes the scales jump at 200 lbs.; knows how to get a move on all the same; is doing well and scalping the devil.

It was refreshing to see Adjutant and Mrs. Arkett and Ensign Savage at the welcome meetings, also to meet some Soldiers who fought in the Corps twelve years ago, when it was my privilege to be Officer in charge.

The 20-page programme of the Field Commissioner's meetings is an artistic production; contains sketches of the Commissioner's life, Social statistics, tit-bits, and is well illustrated with half-tone cuts.

Ensigns Green and Raynor are still very sick; other resting Officers are unable to return to the field, as soon as expected, owing to sickness at home, or other such unavoidable circumstances. They are sure they are remembered by the Comrades everywhere.

The Soul-Saving Troupe have done good service at Guelph and Berlin. Things are booming in the soul-saving line at several Corps.

The largest telegraph office in the world is in the General Post-office building, London. There are over 1,000 operators, 1,000 of them being women. The batteries are supplied by 30,000 cells.

## CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCIAL NOTES.

By BRIGADIER READ

### THE COMMISSIONER'S VISIT TO St. Catharines: Cannot stop to explain!

The best advice to all "Cry" readers is to take a look at the Colman in which the account appears. In a nutshell, it was a marvel.

We must thank our dear Comrades who have sent us such kind notes of love, sympathy and congratulation, both on our promotion and appointment, and we have promised them that all the wisdom, tact and spirit within us shall be used for their benefit. We are at their service.

Here is a note from a letter sent us by Adjutant McLean, of Hamilton, having reference to the after-path of the Commissioner's visit. He says, "Things are looking up. Having grand results of the Commissioner's meetings. All were carried away with her. She will have a mighty time the next visit." The same consequences will we feel sure, follow in the train of her recent St. Catharines' Campaign.

The first united City Officers' Council was a beautiful affair, and what can we say about the united Officers' and Soldiers' Council which followed? Perhaps readers may understand better the success of this latter meeting when we tell them that ten dear souls sought deliverance.

New plans and schemes! We should think so. There is that new Central Ontario Band to be formed. Then the Sick and Wounded, Provincial Fund, the J. S. assessment, War Cry's and Rents' demand, all of which will demand our deepest consideration. We are expecting every field officer to come to our help in this respect.

Then what about the Central Provincial Councils? Where will they be? Then the great question, and where will the D. O. and F. O. go next? To all and such sundry queries, all we can say is, "Manifest a little patience."

Labor Bureau? Yes, it's high time one was opened in connection with the Hamilton Shelter, as well as Toronto. We think both will soon be accomplished facts. In passing, it will not be out of order to tell "Cry" readers that the Hamilton Shelter is still all right, and the Toronto institution with the "Wood-Yard" and coming along well. Praise God forever!

Are we coming to see you? By all means. But it has taken a little time to get hold of the ruder property, and now that we understand pretty well the workings of the same, we shall soon be in the field. Keep believing!

Have you heard anything about that special scheme we have in hand to assist worn, tired and weary Officers? We have had your kind opinion for some information, for we have determined that those who have fallen honorably at the battle's front shall have some practical help.

Some of our dear Officers have had to fall back and rest a bit, among them being Adjutant and Mrs. Bradley, Captains Young and Richmond, Lieutenants Titus, Moffatt and King. Of course Ensign and Mrs. Atwell are having their honeymoon—they are all right. Brigadier Complin has been helping us in the City, and is manifesting practical interest in the work around the City.

Some of our District Officers have arranged excursions. Adjutant Scott, of Lindsay, taking her Comrades to Indian Village, and Ensign J. Jones, of Brimbridge, with his devoted troops have spent a day on the lake. But they will have to look out sharp to beat our contemplated City Lake Excursion, if it goes through.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE COUNCILS.—These Councils will not take place on July 6th, 7th and 8th, as voted in last week's Cry. They will be held at Hamilton, and correct dates will be given later on.

### Freecost, Ont.

Because of lack of confidence in God, the Lord in Presence has been a great one for some time, and men devils have prophesied a complete retreat of the Army. But I prophesy in the faith and Spirit of God that Freecost is going to have victory!

J. Pridmore, Captain.

## Happenings of the Hour.

The greatest flood of which the Mar-ies have any record has inundated great tracts of land in the North Island of New Zealand. Forty thousand sheep were drowned. The total loss is estimated at between £4,000,000 and £5,000,000.

It is reported that Barney Harraht—the "Diamond King"—has committed suicide by throwing himself off a ship in Moroccan waters.

Canada's Premier, the Honorable Wilfrid Laurier, is receiving a royal reception in Great Britain.

An attempted assassination of the President of the French Republic has been made in Paris. The recent bomb-explosions in the city are causing considerable alarm.

Soundings taken of St. Jacob's well in Clark County, Kansas, report a measured depth of 100 feet, but its bottom has never been found. The well is horse-shoe in shape and its basin covers 200 acres. The clear, blackish water never rises or lowers at any season of the year.

In Washington State the bullet from a gun accidentally discharged struck a man in the right temple and went around the skull as far as the left ear, without seriously injuring him.

The rabbit still continues to hold its own in Australia—no endeavor has as yet been successful in exterminating it. In seven years New South Wales has expended £4,157,285 in the cause, and since 1890, 950,000 of bunnies have been killed. Proof has been given.

The Dominion of Canada has sent the largest Colonial contingent to the Queen's Jubilee.

From 1852 to 1892, the population of London has increased from 1,700,000 to 5,000,000.

Nelson's flagship, the *Foudroyant*, now touring the English coast as a show-ship, has been blown ashore and is expected to be lost.

A new industry is about to be established on the north shore of Lake Superior, where a bed of pyrites have been discovered.

## The Editor Visits the Royal City.

BRIGADIER COMPLIN, accompanied by Ensign Kenning, of the War Cry Staff, spent the week-end at Guelph. Upon arriving at the Depot Saturday evening, they were met by Adjutant MacAmmond and Captain Wakefield and band of Guelph Corps. Then right away to the open-air stand in St. George's Square, where a crowd soon gathered. Interest keen, giving place to excitement and curiosity at the announcement of an extraordinary ceremony to be conducted by the Brigadier at the close of the meeting. No! It was not a wedding, neither a dedication, but a promotion. The Brigadier had been authorized by the Commissioner to acquaint Captain and Mrs. Wakefield of their promotion to Staff rank, and with fitting words, "neath the wave of the old flag, presented to them their commission" midst the cheers and applause of the Comrades and bystanders. A congratulatory offering was taken, making the total collection for the evening over three dollars. The first dollar was contributed in record-breaking time, viz., thirty seconds.

From the first song at 7 a. m. until 12 p. m., the Spirit of God rested upon Sunday's meetings. Holy liberty, marked unity on the part of Comrades, plenty of real blood and fire songs and testimonies, went to make a most glorious and blessed soul-refreshing scene. One Comrade made full surrender. "Obbedience to God at all costs."

Afternoon meeting in Park, Ingleton. The crowd gripped by burning, heart testimonies of comrades. Collection over \$500. Evening, Brigadier talked on "The resurrection." Testimonies. The truth cut deep. Visible results; five at penitent-form; three for Salvation and two for consecration. Wounds at midnight singing, "Give to Jesus glory," which was continued by the Brigadier and Ensign as they wended their happy way homeward. Adjutant MacAmmond and Captain Wakefield, MacCutcheon and Hoddnott, of the Soul-Saving Troupe, a constant source of help, blessing and inspiration. God bless the Guelph Corps! God bless our leaders!!! God bless the Salvation Army!!!! Amen!!!!

### THE HAPPY ONE.

That which prayer and communion with God will not help is no help to us.



Bro. Fletcher.

GAIN the Deed one from Fletcher, who has said good-bye to me, and is on his way. His last day's words were, "I that die in the Lord." The funeral at the first Army funeral gathered, some to and some out of curiosity. A procession of the front some of the body was entered reception.

The memorial night was a time of in our midst. The blessing of a clear hands were raised. Another Fletcher, a large family to me, we bid them "men" which have no hope, heretofore family that are Soldiers and men.

Wm. Wells, Goss.

"I shall soon be the words that tell dear Comrade, but the river. After he passed away, for nine years. Since the front some never wavered. All around that Salvationist. By encouraged others away he told me funeral, saying, "Army, I am a Soldier." So we were funeral, and as we we said, "I'll be giving ourselves to subject to meet H. H. Hest—E. BLANCH.

## An Old Warrior.

Robert Lytelle.

About eighteen we came to Mrs. her we heard the faithfulness and also in death. Her early days of the Ommece, Ontario, had command the positions of respect and for some time. Manitoba was Lytelle speaks we voted—ness to God all these years form, cap and of treasures in the of his name was rise in the many all in Ontario seem to call the His hand will at out in entirety, ful, Comrades." many brings to us, when he at the time of his where so soon his sword.

He came with to have his large but in two short from on high of His body lies. The green grass the white snow, the resting place, spirit rouses of these, and basked He called all the the end drew in to all keep until and meet him for then and blessing. God of that dying a success of the firm who know them. Although, de-speaketh, "Oh, the righteous his."—THOS. A.

Heaven is full just keeps it to



## NELSON CORRELL E.C.

# WAR CRY WAR. The Forthcoming Race.

The Chance of the Boomers' Year -  
Open to All - Prizes for the  
Valiant.



THE ANNOUNCEMENT of a great War Cry Race will fire ambition and enthusiasm in the bosom of every Boomer. It is, indeed, the event of the year—1st, to give the blessed, soul-saving, soul-estricting Cry a hitherto unheard-of advance; 2nd, to personally distinguish one's self in a daring Salvation exploit. That a host of Boomers will immediately commence straightening themselves for this contest we take for granted. Now for a description of the race:

Captain MacIntyre's challenge was the first step towards it, though for a long while ideas have been simmering in the Editorial brain ready to rise to boiling pitch at the most appropriate moment for a world-stirring effort to push the interests of the Cry. That moment has now arrived. Interest, ideas, excitement are at boiling pitch, and we believe that the same will widely spread throughout all the booming world. Captain MacIntyre has sent us word that he will challenge any Boomer, be they who they may, at selling the greatest number of War Cry within the space of three months on the understanding that such are sold outside the Barracks.

Such an inspiring offer will fix the aim immediately of Boomers' desires at a high figure. We have consented to publish the challenge for any Boomer to accept, and with which to enter into contest, and have laid plans down, which seem to promise a race highly in value, if only our Boomers rally round (which they will).

Of course the very fact of the help to the Cry and the chance of extra zealous service to the war will fire every booming soul but we are glad to have as a further inducement to success the pleasure to publish the offer of prizes. There will be three awarded:

1st Prize of eight dollars' worth of goods, to be purchased from the Trade Headquarters, to the Comrade who succeeds in selling the greatest number of Crys, apart from the Barracks.

2nd Prize of five dollars' worth of goods to the second best seller in the race.

3rd Prize of three dollars' worth in goods, to the one who sends in the record of the third highest number sold.

The few simple conditions of the Race we should like every intending racer to keep well in mind.

1. The Crys must all be sold outside the Barracks.

2. Only bona fide sales must be counted.

3. The totals sold by each must be sent in to the Editor regularly every week, upon the form provided. This is very important, as irregularity in forwarding totals may disqualify the racer. It will not do to send two weeks' in together. The accompanying form only must be used for sending up totals.

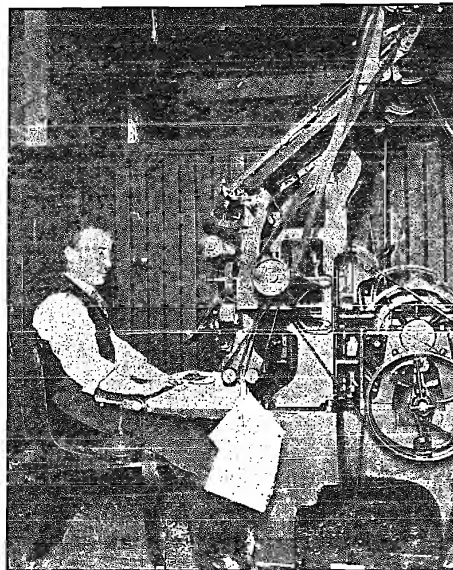
The Race starts with the first week in July, and ends the last week of September.

The Race is open to all—Officers, Local Officers or private Soldier, and includes Comrades of every Corps in the Territory.

We feel it to be hardly necessary to add many words of inducement to our Comrades to enlist themselves for the contest. Now Boomers is the time for you to show yourselves valiant in the War Cry's sale. What three will occupy the top places on the list when the race stops, out of the whole Territory?

We give this week the photo of Mrs. Ensign Wynn, of Collingwood, who is a good and practical Soldier, and War Cry. In a letter to the Editor, she says:

"I have been saved over eleven years. The next week after my Salvation I started to sell the War Cry, and I have



Our latest addition to the Auxiliary Roll—which includes on its list, by the way, Sir Oliver Stowat, and other prominent citizens, is Mr. Charles Clark, the typesetter, who manipulates the Linotype in producing the War Cry

week by week. The picture represents him at work at the Linotype, which is one of the most cleverly-constructed pieces of machinery used in connection with the Printing Department.

Mrs. Adjt. Phillips, Vancouver..... 108  
Brother Edwin Coslett, Sydney..... 102  
Julia Lidston, St. John's N. Bld..... 100  
Capt. May, Victoria, B. C..... 100  
Capt. Crego, Quebec..... 100

## THE UNDAUNTED.

Leat. Thoen, Dillon..... 95  
Ensign Fox, Port Hope (2 weeks)..... 91  
Mrs. Eassien Wynn, Collingwood..... 90  
Leat. Hickey, Westville..... 89  
Sergeant Crane, New Glasgow (2 wks.)..... 87  
Agnes McCann, Stratford..... 85  
Mrs. Law, Victoria, B. C..... 80  
Jennie Bloss, Cornwall..... 78  
Leat. Sleeth, Pembroke..... 75  
Leat. Thos. Bloss, Barrie..... 75  
Leat. McPherson, Bridgewater..... 75  
Capt. Huntington, Hespeler..... 67  
Mrs. Adjt. Phillips, Vancouver..... 65  
Sergeant Terry, Lindsay..... 63  
Cadet Woods, Goderich..... 63  
Capt. Jarvis, Strathroy..... 61  
Capt. Oils, Yorkville..... 60  
Mrs. Moore, Victoria, B. C..... 60  
Capt. Larder, Parrishore, N. S..... 56  
Capt. Welch, St. John I..... 56  
Leat. Fynn, Strathroy..... 56  
Sergeant McDougall, Goderich..... 51  
Cadet Bunson, Winnipeg..... 52  
Johnnie Morrison, North Bay..... 52  
Cadet Hobbs, St. John I..... 50  
Sergeant Curwen, New Glasgow (2 weeks)..... 50  
Father Dixon, Temple..... 50  
Brother Barrot, Montreal I..... 50  
Mrs. Bulis, London..... 50  
Mrs. Strong, London..... 50  
Capt. Norman, Newport..... 50  
Leat. O'Neil, Newport..... 50  
Maggie Holden, Windsor, N. S..... 50

## THE ADVANCING.

Cadet Prentice, New Westminster..... 49  
Leat. Gatzke, Galt..... 49  
George Faten, Hamilton, Ber..... 46  
Mrs. Scott, Guelph..... 46  
Capt. Greene, Campbellford..... 45

## ROLL of HONOR.

### THE CONQUERORS.

Sergeant Fred Bell, Hamilton, Ber..... 300  
Cadet Martin, Windsor, N. S..... 150  
Capt. Clark, New Glasgow (2 wks.)..... 149  
Mrs. Adjt. Cass, London..... 144  
Mrs. Adjt. McGillevray, New Glasgow (2 weeks)..... 143  
Capt. Bragg, London..... 135  
Capt. Hayes, Portage in Prairie..... 132  
Father Armstrong, St. John..... 110  
Ensign Kendall, Brockville..... 108

### WAR CRY RACE.

NAME.....  
(Give rank, if any, whether local or official.)

Corps.....

Province.....

Sold, outside the Barracks..... War Crys for week ending Saturday.....

Countersigned.....  
Commanding Officer.

NOTE—Fill out this Form and send it to the Editor regularly every week. Failure in this disqualifies the racer.

Edith Lindsay, Paris..... 45  
Cadet Mainprize, Lippincott..... 45  
Capt. Banks, Nanaimo..... 44  
Capt. Forsyth, Hamilton, Ber..... 42  
Cadet Extrem, Winnipeg..... 42  
John Hicks, Stratford..... 40  
Sister Mortimer, Victoria..... 40  
Cadet Barner, Winnipeg..... 39  
Emma Van Norman, Guelph..... 37  
Gussie Vallis, Hamilton, Ber..... 36  
Capt. Stollker, Cornwall..... 36  
Leat. Weeks, Faversham..... 36  
Jessie Ore, St. John I..... 35  
Brother Duncan, Montreal I..... 35  
Ethel Smith, Guelph..... 34  
Nellie Helton, Glace Bay..... 34  
Fred Palmer, London..... 33  
Mrs. Thompson, Nanaimo..... 33  
Capt. Bloss, Montreal I..... 32  
Edna McCormish, Westville, N. S..... 32  
Capt. Redburn, London..... 31  
Leat. Bonney, Wingham..... 31  
Leat. Poncock, Stratford..... 31  
Capt. Bryan, Brockville..... 31  
Cadet Meredith, Winnipeg..... 30  
Brother Mattie, Cornwall..... 30  
Mrs. Capt. Clark, Strussla..... 30  
Eva Simpson, Guelph..... 29  
Sergeant E. Howell, Riverside..... 29

## THE MEAN-TO-RES.

Leat. Gross, Nanaimo..... 29  
Brother Dick, St. John I..... 28  
Leat. Payton, Paris..... 28  
Cadet Burlog, Winnipeg..... 27  
Ensign Orchard, Galt..... 27  
Emma Hart, Wingham..... 27  
Cadet Cowen, Lunenburg..... 27  
Almena Smith, Hamilton, Ber..... 26  
Cadet Northey, Lunenburg..... 26  
Cadet Davidson, Winnipeg..... 25  
Sergeant Mrs. Steven, Riverside..... 25  
Sergeant Louisa Simmons, Port Hope..... 25  
Sister Mrs. Jones, Barrie..... 25  
Sister Mrs. Drury, Barrie..... 25  
Ada Diplock, London..... 25  
Capt. McLeod, Goderich..... 25  
Sergeant Beatrice Smith, Hamilton..... 24  
Ber..... 24  
Capt. Fisher, Seaford..... 24  
Dollie Flood, Hamilton, Ber..... 24  
Sergeant Louise Thompson, Port Hope..... 24  
Sister G. Coley, Montreal I..... 22  
Capt. Will, Paris..... 22  
Sergeant E. Beane, Seaford..... 21  
Cadet Campbell, Lippincott..... 21  
Sergeant Schnyder, Pembroke..... 21  
Sister Annie Brown, Port Hope..... 20  
Wm. Halcott, Seaford..... 20  
George Pickering, Hamilton, Ber..... 20  
Adjt. Moore, Riverside..... 20  
Sister Nugent, St. John..... 20  
Brother Douglas, Cornwall..... 20  
Cadet Hydon, St. John's N. Bld..... 20  
Mrs. Gills, Yorkville..... 20  
Sister M. Brown, Montreal I..... 20  
Sister J. Hildson, Montreal I..... 20  
Mother Lewis, Montreal I..... 20

## MOOSE JAW, N.W.T.

Victory's upon our banner. Officers and Comrades in good fighting trim. Look out for cloud-bursts. Moose Jaw's alright—J. H. Eldorado, Reg. Cor.

## EMERSON.

Brigadier Bennett with us. A good time. We praise God for two back-siders and one prisoner for the week. Still believing for better and greater things—J. Mercer, Officer.

## MINOT, N.D.

One soul for the week. Captain Foy farewell. Rev. Mr. Callahan was present at the Farewell meeting and gave a very interesting address and appeal to the ungodly. We wish the Captain success.—One of the Boys.

## HALLFAX I.

The Adjutant returned home on Thursday night from the Council in St. John, much helped and blessed. On Friday night, a United Local Officers' meeting. Good meetings Sunday: two souls at the Cross. Primate God!

## Trenton.

We have just laid away to wait the resurrection of the just our sister, Mrs. Young, who died very suddenly. Her husband and son were away in the woods of Muskoka, and did not get home for the funeral, which was very impressive. May the dear Lord use this stroke in the bringing of the family to submit to His will. One soul Sunday night.—A. E. W. Coate, Captain.

## Windsor, Ont.

We are pleased to say God's work is progressing beautifully here in Windsor. There was much rejoicing in our meeting last night (Sunday) over three dear young men who came out for pardon. Bless God they were not pointed nor turned away, but claimed victory through the Blood of Jesus. Many more "almost persuaded," but the "Not to-night" devil was present and robbed them of the blessed opportunity of retting right with God. Our late converts are getting on well. God has blessed us with three new work-ing, go-ahead Officers, and we are in with them to do all we can to bless and help the people of Windsor—Mrs. Wallis, Sergeant-Major, for Adjutant Dowell.

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J. 308.

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## SING! SING! SING!

Tunes.—Blessed Jesus, B. J., 45; Rousseau, B. J., 189; Guide me, Great Jehovah, B. J., 121.

1 **Mighty Saviour, King of Glory,**  
Turn my darkness into light,  
Pass Thy bleeding wounds before me,  
Wash my sin-stained garments white.  
Make me holy,  
Give me power for Thee to fight.

Perfect cleansing I am seeking,  
That from sin I may be free;  
Perfect words Thy blood is speaking  
giving fellowship with Thee.  
Make me holy,  
Stamp Thy likeness, Lord, on me.

Make Thy Cross my soul's foundation,  
Build a holy life within;  
Let the blood that bought salvation  
Be the death of every sin.  
Make me holy,  
Self to lose and souls to win.

Tunes.—Behold, behold, B. J., 277;  
What's the news? B. J., 12, 3; Come  
to Me, B. J., 192; Christ for me, B. J., 398.

2 **Jesus, Thy purity bestow,**  
Through the Blood!  
The power of perfect cleansing  
show,  
Through the Blood!  
Take every spot of sin away,  
Within my heart for every stay.  
Give me the full victory every day,  
Through the Blood!

Increase the faith that conquers doubt,  
Through the Blood!  
Cast every evil passion out,  
Through the Blood!  
Give me the power to master wrong,  
Against the foe to march along,  
With holy vigor make me strong,  
Through the Blood!

Give me the love that never dies,  
Through the Blood!  
That will Thy cross and passion prize,  
Through the Blood!  
Help me to conquer Satan's host,  
And keep me faithful to my post,  
Anoint me with Thy Holy Ghost,  
Through the Blood!

## Ere it be Too Late.

Tune.—Sweet Belle Mahone.

3 **Sinner, what is life to thee,**  
Sunk in sin and misery?  
Turn now, to your Saviour flee,  
Ere it be too late.  
Christ invites you to come home,  
How much longer will you roam?  
Think now what will be your doom,  
If you longer wait.

## Chorus.

Ere it be too late,  
Ere it be too late,  
Turn to night, and travel home,  
Ere it be too late.

Sinner, soon your sun will set,  
Jesus waits to save you yet;  
Come to Him—You'll never regret  
This wise step you take.  
Oh, remember, life is short!  
Give this matter every thought,  
Treat it in the way you ought,  
Ere it be too late.

## The Saviour's Voice.

Tune.—We're travelling home.

4 **The Lord is calling, hear Him say,**  
"Come to Me! Come to Me!"  
Why madly rush on sin's dark  
way?

Come to Me! Come to Me!  
Why unpardoned to the grave?  
To ransom you My life I gave?  
And I am willing now to save,  
Come to Me! Come to Me!

## Chorus.

With salvation so near thee,  
Why the Saviour will hear thee,  
Now give heed to His pleading  
"Oh, come unto Me!"

"Oh, weary one on sin's hard road,  
Come to Me!  
Lay at My feet Thy heavy load,  
And I will give you perfect rest,  
And peace shall reign within your  
breast,  
And you shall be pardoned, and be-  
st—  
Come to Me!"

"I will not cast one soul away,  
Come to Me!  
But, oh, repent while yet 'tis day,  
Come to Me!  
For light is coming on apace,  
When you no more may seek My face;  
Then pass will be the day of grace,  
Come to Me!"

THE CORPSES OF A  
BRITISH BURGLAR

SYNOPSIS OF PATRICK CHATFIELD—Archie Sloss, born in Glasgow of drunken and leaving parents. At seven adopted by a gang of thieves. At fifteen a professional house-breaker. His motto: "Risk nothing, gain nothing." Prison experience began at sixteen. Seven years. After three years and a half on his last leave. Caught again. Seven years. Escape from prison. Re-captured. On board the convict ship "Albatross," bound for Bermuda.

After weighing anchor and trimming the sails, a westerly wind and a strong tide carried this criminal cargo quickly down the river, past the Nore, into the English Channel, and along the famous Downs.

The lower deck of the "Albatross" was especially rigged up to accommodate this villainous crowd. The interior was a prison itself. Along the whole length of the ship in the centre was a narrow gangway, fenced in by iron bars, and in this narrow aperture ventricles, with loaded muskets, stood night and day. On each side, the ship was divided into partitions, each accommodated ten men, with hammocks slung from the rafters. Only 150 men at a time were allowed on deck. At eight bells—noon—the first lot who had been on deck all the morning disappeared down the hatchways into the bowels of the ship, and the other 150 took their places.

They cursed and snarled at everything. They gambled for money and food and plugs of tobacco. They plotted and schemed and invented insane plans for taking the ship; but threats and

## Floggings and Chains

partially quelled the hell within them. Archie Sloss was the best-behaved convict on board the whole ship. The fact was his mind was unusually pre-occupied. Other men eased their breasts by continued cursings, but Archie was too industriously employed for that. He was never yet imprisoned but he always sat himself down to scheme out a plan of escape. And again his cunning mind and invincible spirit rose beyond his circumstances, and like the sea-birds and waves around him, he was determined to be free, and recognize no master.

The "Albatross" was four days out of port when Archie confided his scheme to a brother-convict, who was a "lifer," and whose registered alias was "The Notable."

"Confound it, mate, there's no back door out of this floating hell, worse luck! But I've got a scheme to take the ship and turn it into a pirate! Are you a pal?"

"To the bitter end," replied the "Notable," with a volley of oaths, "but I'll take some doing. Look where you will, there's soldier-gentlemen, with cutlasses and loaded firearms, ready to send us to kingdom come, if we show our teeth. What's your little game?"

"Something original," said Archie. "First, I'm going to induce the captain, and his crew, and all the warder-sentries, to leave the ship, and turn it over to me!"

## Encouraging.

Tune.—How will you do? B. J., 174, 3.

5 **Have you not succeeded yet?**  
Try, try again!  
Mercy's door is open yet,  
Try, try again!  
Yours is not a single case,  
Others have the same to face,  
All your trust on Jesus place,  
Try, try again!

Something surely lurks within,  
Try, try again!  
Some beloved besetting sin,  
Try, try again!  
Give up every plea beside,  
I am lost, but Christ has died,  
Then the Blood will be applied,  
Try, try again!

Do you say, "I've tried before?"  
Try, try again!  
Never give the conflict o'er,  
Try, try again!  
Some have been and had as you,  
But the Lord has brought them through,  
It may be the same with you,  
Mercy's door is open yet.

## The "Notable"

was seized with a fit of laughter at this announcement. It was several minutes before he could compose himself to speak. "That's right, Archie; tell us some more of it! 'Pon my Davey, you are better value than a circus. Strange! I never thought of that myself. I dare say if you speak to the captain he'll be only too glad to give you his position. What else have you thought of, Archie?"

"That you are a poor, shallow, head-the-are-copyist, without a solitary vein of originality in you," retorted Archie, hotly. "And you scold at a fellow who tries new ideas. Look here, my dear heart, before we reach the Bermudas, Archie Sloss will astonish you."

"You've done that already," said the "Notable," meekly, trying to win himself back into Archie's good graces. "Go ahead, mate! I'm your devoted slave. Let's hear what your game is!" "It's like this," said Archie, sinking his voice; "most of the men on this floating coffin are a lot of cowards, and comes to nothing shot or pushed threw with a meat-skewer, but if you and I can get twenty men to join our secret society the job is done."

"I can get them many myself," replied the "Notable," with a callous disregard for grammar.

"Right," said Archie. "This, then, is my harmless and bloodless plan for taking the ship. I've found a square trap-door in the side of the ship, below the water-line. I know how to get at it and open it, and the first windy night I'm going to open it and let the water rush in like

## The Niagara Falls

"And sink the ship!" exclaimed the "Notable," with his eyes bulging out with horror.

"Nothing of the kind," said Archie, impatiently. "The reason I will select a windy night to cut, tear, or unsew open the hole in the ship's side, is because this craft is a floating coffin which the prison directors got up on the cheap; therefore, on a windy night, every spar and mast and loose timber will strain and creak like a consumptive piano that's been rescued from a big fire, so the rasping and grating noises I expect to make in opening this door won't be noticed or heard. Then, when the hole is opened, the sea will cause a panic on board. The pumps won't be any good, and of course, when they find that the ship is settling down, the captain and his crew with the sentries and the warders, will take to the boats right on. If there's going to be any risk of drowning, depend upon it the officers and crew will look after themselves first. And the boats? Well, pushed off from the unfortunate, doomed ship, it is ours. We stop the—shut yer mouth, mate! I tell yer—the sea will take the hole up, pump the ship dry, rig the sails, and—didn't I say it was a windy night? Yes, we leave the boats far away behind, to be picked by some passing ship. I'll all

## Fan Out Natural.

There's not going to be any fighting or knocking down. The ship will come into our possession as a matter of course. See?"

## (To be Continued).

## Richmond St.

The Lord is in our midst. We are having His blessing in the open-air. We had Brother Laurier Saturday night, accompanied by his guitar. The War Cry sold good in the open-air. One lady gave ten cents for a copy. That song, "Three cheers for the Yellow, Red and Blue" took well. We have just got a new Solid Buoyancy the person of Eto, Allen. The War Cry is getting better right along. The Ensign is about to start on a trip around his district.

William Lewis.

If sin does not taste bitter, Christ cannot taste sweet. But when sin is hell, Christ is heaven.

Every honest man aims to be just right. If you are content to be just right, you are just wrong.—Anon.

Sanctification is both subtraction and addition—taking away the roots of evil, and adding all the graces of the Spirit.

Grace and glory are closely related. Grace is the bud, glory the blossom. Grace is glory begun. Glory is grace completed.

## MISSING

## To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; befriend, or assist, if possible, wronged girls, women, or children, or any person in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH, 16 Albert Street, Toronto, Canada, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope.

If possible, send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses.

We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

## First Insertion.

1958. SHRA, CHAS. EDWARD. Sixteen years of age; short, stout, light brown hair, blue eyes. Last heard of buying a ticket from Beauséjour, to Winnipeg in October of 1894. Mother in hospital at time of leaving. Mother enquires, and is very sick; will be glad to hear from him. Address, Mrs. S.H.A., 162 Stephen Street, Point Douglas, Winnipeg, Man.

1959. PAGE, ALFRED. Left London, England, about 18 years ago. Sent to Canada by some school working for a Mr. Rouch. Bartonville, Ont. Brother enquires.

1960. SHANNON, PATRICK and JAMES. Patrick, light brown hair; James, red hair. Lived in Toronto many years. Sister married from them when a child. She is anxious for information as to their whereabouts.

1961. BEAN or SMITH.—HENRY. Age, 48; light complexion; large lump on back of neck; been in America 15 years; not been heard of for four years; then at Fitzroy Harbor, Carleton County, Ont. Wife enquires.

1962. GRAY, JOHN. Age, 35; 5 ft. 6 in.; dark complexion. Left Yorkshire about thirteen years ago. Last heard of six years ago. Address then Care of William Thacker, 186 Block, Sherbrooke, P. Q.

1963. TRAVIS, WILLIAM. Age, 65; 5 ft. 6 in. Dark complexion; grey hair; joiner and builder by trade. July 21st, 1891, was in Toronto; then a Salvationist. Address 121 Chestnut Street, Toronto. Wife enquires.

1964. SCOTT, WILLIAM. Age, 45; brown eyes; dark hair; 5 ft. "W.S." marked on arm. Supposed to be working in Manitoba. Wife enquires.

## (Second insertion).

HESKETH FAMILY. Henry Hesketh; aged 34 years; Mrs. Robert Anderson, nee Hesketh, and Mrs. James H. Chaney, all formerly of March Lane, Enston, England. Henry Hesketh and sister, Mrs. Anderson, were last heard of as traveling in Canada about 14 years ago. Something to their advantage. Enquiries made from Australia.

YOUNG, ALFRED SAMUEL. Left England about 14 years ago. Was then at Prescott, Arizona, U. S. If he will write to his sister, Sybilla Jones, Lake Tawstock, Devonshire, England, or to his brother, William H. Young, Vancouver, B. C., he will hear of something to his advantage. New York and San Francisco Crys please copy.

The measure to be observed in loving God is to love Him without measure.—St. Bernard.

It is dangerous dressing for another world before the looking-glass of this world.—W. Seeker.

Let us think of our own helplessness. We have to be helped into the world—we have to be helped out of it. We have to be helped all the way through it.

Do the Lord's work in the Lord's time. Pray while God hears; hear while God speaks; believe while God promises; obey while God commands.—Abd.

To render good for evil is God-like; to render good for good is man-like; to render evil for evil is beast-like; to render evil for good is devil-like.—John Mason.

Think how and it will be to have your evidences to seek, when your case is to be tried; to have your oil to buy when you should have it to burn.—John Mason.

When wrong gets too insolent it commits suicide. So evil tends to its own defeat in destruction. This is one of our consolations while living amid the chastity desolations of sin.



## Newmarket.

Hallelujah! We are having victory here. Three precious souls claimed Salvation in the past week. On Monday night there was quite a large march. Barracks full. Four ministers, Captain Brant and Lieutenant Marshall were present. Glorious time. Going forward to conquer.—Lieut. C. Cornell.

## Essex.

Thank God, Essex is still very much alive. Staff-Captain Turner with us for Saturday and Sunday. Beautiful meetings; two souls; several nearly decided. Lord, help them! The Chancellor baptized with the Holy Ghost. One soul the following Thursday.—S. B. Otisway, Captain; J. C. Coe, Lieutenant.

## Victoria, B.C.

We are going in to do our best, for we love the War Cry very much. The valour-keepers are so anxious to get their papers and seem to take an interest in them, and when we have an attractive cover, they get so pleased with it. Mrs. Moore and I boom the saloons regular every Saturday night.—Mrs. Law, S. M.

## Gananoque.

Five and a-half months ago in our welcome Soldiers' meeting to Captain Ward, about ten of us formed a ring and sang that beautiful chorus, "Till he true to the Christ of Calvary." Last night, in our farewell meeting, twenty-three of us formed a ring and sang the same chorus. To God be all the glory! J. T. Funnell, R. C.

## Helena, Mont.

Helena in the procession. Good meetings, collections and souls saved. Major and Mrs. Southall were with us one night last week for a farewell meeting. We were all of one accord. Sorry to lose them. The Major's stay among us will be pleasant to think of in times to come, but the new Brigadier will be just as welcome.—Rogers, Reg. Cor.

## Portage la Prairie.

Thank God we are still moving. At the farewell of Brother Nichols, who has held the position of Secretary for five years, two souls farewelled to sin. We are real sorry to lose our Comrade, and also our old friend, Mr. Bowman. Our prayers will follow them, and amongst the gold mines may God bless and help them to be true. A. Hayes, Captain.

## Quebec.

Historic Quebec has just been favored with a three days' visit from the Lassies' String Band of Kingston, under command of Brigadier Sharp. Glorious times, in spite of rain and city being in darkness, on account of placing plant for our new electrical railway. Finances proportionately good. Their excellent music was very much appreciated.—B. N. Eason.

## Hospeler.

Saturday was announced as a Devil's Impement Meeting. We had a line run across the Barracks, on which were hung pipes, cigars, tobacco, cards, dominoes, revolvers, feathers, and so on. One Soldier testified that he smoked the 24 old, black clay pipes which hung on the line. It was a grand success; 250 people present; wound up Sunday night with four good cases. Captain Huntington.

## Charleton, N.B.

We have been celebrating our 12th anniversary during the past week. Major and wife, also a number of other Officers, were with us for some of the meetings. The crowning times were Sunday and Monday nights, when our dear leaders were with us. Moudy night Jubilee, Social and Enrolment. Great crowd of Officers, Soldiers and friends. Good interest and finance. Captain and Mrs. Knight.

## Lisgar St.

Glory be to God! The Lisgar Street Soldiers are marching on to war. We are having victory all along the line. The devil is being defeated. Souls being saved. Company marches good. A dear sister was overjoyed to see her mother boldly step out and take her stand for God. Captain Brindley farewelled for a while to get a much-needed rest. God, restore him to health and strength again to battle for the Lord. Our Grand Sunday afternoon open-air meetings in Shaw's Grove. Junior war increasing.—Bro. S. McFarland, Gen. Cor.

## My Impressions of the Training Home.

BY A CADET.

A few days ago I received orders to come to Headquarters at once, and no one knows the strange feelings I realized on my way there—but when I arrived, to my surprise a pro. tem. commission was awaiting me as a Field Cadet, to assist Adjutant Burdette at the Temple, who is an old and experienced Officer in the work.

Although my days in the dear old Lippincott Training Home were few, I must say of a truth that I have been greatly benefited by them and would like, in as few words as possible, to give you my experience there, which may help other Candidates who, like myself, have probably heard various reports concerning our different Training Grounds.

I found the Training Home is just what you like to make it. I arrived on April 12th, 1897, and was welcomed by a band of godly lads, who were doing their utmost to extend the Kingdom of God. I did not find any duty too hard to perform, nor did I find the Officers ever asking us to do anything that they themselves were not prepared to do—but, on the other hand, I have seen them take their turn at different duties, never manifesting a complaining spirit under any circumstances, but were to us lads all-round examples.

Our Garrison Commander, by his own life, was always preaching that we must not go out merely to be leaders of the people, but their servants, for Jesus' sake.

I might go on to say many more things which would be helpful to my Candidate-Comrades, but I think I have said sufficient to convince you that many things you hear about our Garisons are totally untrue, and when you get there you will regret having to leave it, as many others have done. You may argue that you do not see the need of your going into Training, but you will not be there long before the needs are revealed. If you have not sent in your application, send it in at once, for "the harvest truly is great and the laborers are few."

EDGAR BARRETT.

I want nothing but God, and fear nothing but sin.—Joshua Gili.



CAPT. and MRS. WAKEFIELD and WILLIE WAKEFIELD, of Guelph, Ont.

## INCIDENT OF THE SIEGE.

Mrs. G.—was known as one of the many who "used to be a good Soldier," but had been practically lost to the Army for years. She was not advancing spiritually; people who disobey God never do—but the circumstances under which her name was removed made it hard for her to return. Her friends were less favorable that ever, but this was the Army's Siege, and did it not seem a God-ordained institution,

especially for her? Thank God, obedience to family and friends was replaced by obedience to her Lord. She was enrolled on the 29th, and marches on to victory as a Soldier. Thank God for the Siege! D. C. MOORE, Adjutant, Riversdale.

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